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VOLUME XXXI. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, APRIL 24, 1852. WHOLE NO. 1604.

Choice Poetry.

A MEMORY.

She was a gentle, quiet girl,
With darkly waving hair,
Just parted in her simple way,
On a forehead low and fair.
No flush of brilliant loveliness
Was sparkling on her face,
But something tranquil and subdued,
And touching in its grace.

She seldom smiled; but then she brought
No cloud on others' glee;
And ever on her pale young brow
A shadow seemed to be;
And then her voice was very sad,
In its soft and earnest tone,
With a low and winning eloquence,
And a sweetness all its own.

Some hidden sorrow on the past
A darkness seemed to throw;
She never spoke of early ties,
Or of pleasures long ago.
But in the daily common cares
She calmly met her share,
As one who had no shrinking from
The trials life must bear.

No jest was on her placid lip,
Where kindest accents hung.
And never saw the careless laugh
From her still spirit rung;
But with a light and silent step
She moved among the throng,
Promoting in her noiseless way
The cheerful dance and song.

She had a pleasure in the sight
Of others' happy mirth,
Such as an angel might have felt
While looking on the earth;
For she was like an angel here,
So lovely and so pure,
And she hath passed where spirits are,
To dwell with us no more.

We miss the kindness of her voice,
And the beauty of her brow;
And the sweetest words we ever heard
Are silent to us now.
She never spoke the quiet grief,
Whose blight so early fell—
She had been gayer once, they said,
But loved too long and well.

Original Novelet.

VIOLA:

OR,

ADVENTURES IN THE FAR SOUTH-WEST.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY EMERSON BENNETT,

AUTHOR OF "PRAIRIE FLOWER," "PIONEER'S DAUGHTER," "FOREST ROSE," "FEMALE SPY," "ROSALIE DU PONT," ETC., ETC., ETC.

[Entered according to the Act of Congress, by Emerson Bennett, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER VII.

THE DISGUISE.

Notwithstanding we were very diligent, employing every moment, it was late in the day ere we were ready to set out on our journey. By this time, however, every thing was prepared; and having donned a plain suit, and packed our more costly wearing apparel in our trunks, which we consigned to the care of our landlord; and having procured a couple of pedlar's boxes for jewelry, and laid in a tolerably fair stock for trade or show, which we gave in charge of Tom, together with a well-filled valise of clothing necessary to a change; we procured a conveyance to a small village on the mainland, which we reached just as the setting sun was streaming across Galveston Bay, and turning its waters to gold. We drove to the principal inn of the village, ordered supper, and put up for the night.

"To-morrow," said Harley, gaily, as together we sat at the tea-table: "To-morrow, Harry, we begin our adventures in reality; at least we begin a new business; and I am as impatient to be on the road, as ever a child was to see new toys. By my faith, Harry, I sometimes think we are as much children at five-and-twenty as at five—the only difference being that we are older, and larger, and require bigger play things. I wonder what kind of a salesman I shall make. Faith! I see myself at it now. 'Some very extra fine jewelry, madam—ear-rings, brooches, chains, finger rings—very beautiful, I assure you—will you have the goodness to look at them?' Ha, ha, ha! what do you think of that, Harry, eh! for a commencement? Come, a wager! a wager! if you dare!"

"Name it."

"A week's keeping on the road, that I beat you in to-morrow's profits!"

"Done," returned I, laughing at the idea that already we were beginning to be *ambitious* to excel in our new vocation. "But, Morton—you will not forget Viola? Remember that profit is less an object with us than speed in our search."

"Ay, true; but I do not forget that. It may be necessary, in order to succeed in our design, that we understand the business we profess, and practice alone will make us perfect. Nor is speed so very important as you might at first thought suppose; for they will not use force with Viola—they dare not; and without force, she will not wed: no, Harry, nor can she be forced to wed him; she says so much in her letter; and I know her well enough, to feel assured she will keep her word. But still there must be no unnecessary delay; and could my design be accomplished without the means I am about to use—could it in fact be accomplished by speed merely—I would mount the fastest horse in the country, and ride as if for life. Do not think, Harry, because I seem indifferent, that I am not impatient to see her; but my experience in life, has taught me the value of prudence; and now that I am about to do battle for a great stake, I feel the need of having all my weapons about me and in good order.—Speaking of weapons—do not let us forget, when we retire, to put our revolvers in proper order—for one never knows, in this country, how soon he may want to use them. Yes, Harry, I have a plan—not fully matured, it is true—but when it is, I will make it known to you—by which I hope to outwit two cunning knaves, and steal the greatest prize our earth contains. If I *do* succeed, and you ever write that book you were speaking of, I bespeak a prominent place in it for my *chef d'œuvre* of stratagem. By-the-bye, I believe you do not speak French?"

"No."

"I am sorry for that. But then—stop! let me see!—yes, that will do as well: you can be a Yankee."

"I do not understand to what you allude."

"You will in good time, never fear;" and Harley relapsed into a reverie, and did not speak again for five minutes, notwithstanding I asked him several questions meantime. His first words were: "But how to dispose of Tom! for he must go with us."

"Oh, Tom will take care of himself—he is easily satisfied," I replied.

"You do not understand me, Harry. I mean in what capacity he is to travel with us; for if as a servant, will people not think it singular that—"

"Not at all," I interrupted; "or if they do, what of it? We may be pedlars; but it does not follow, you know, we must be poor; and why not have a black to carry our boxes? Some may think us a little too aristocratic for our profession—but that will do us no harm."

"Well, perhaps you are right—consider it settled so at all events," replied Harley. "And now, Harry, let us retire to our room. Or, by-the-bye, I wish you would make inquiry concerning that carriage; and if you can find out which course it went from here, I think we shall have no great difficulty in tracing it home."

It was perhaps an hour later, that I repaired to the apartment assigned us for the night. The door was locked. I rapped several times, but receiving no answer, I came to the conclusion that Harley had stepped out, and taken the key with him. And I was further confirmed in this belief, when, on inquiring at the bar, I was told that my friend had gone up stairs about an hour since, and that some one, no doubt himself, had come down and gone out within a few minutes. I seated myself, and took up a newspaper to while away the time till his return. I was just in the middle of a vituperative article on Mexico, in which the writer boldly prophesied the consequences to that distracted country, should she dare to go to war with the greatest nation in the world—that is to say, the Yankee nation—when, chancing to turn my head a little, I became aware that some one was looking over my shoulder; and another glance showed me that the new comer was a stranger. Indignant at such vulgar rudeness, I started to my feet, and confronted him with:

"Well, sir! what is it?"

He seemed astonished, and alarmed, and instantly stammered out:

"Pardonnez moi! I want noting. I was just look at de papeer: vaitee sorree I was deesturb monsieur."

I looked him full in the eye, as he spoke, and became satisfied, from its contrite expression, he had erred through ignorance rather than design. He was a young man, apparently under thirty, though his face, lips, and chin were so covered with a black, matted beard, that it was difficult to fix upon his age with any degree of certainty. His skin was as dark as that of a Spaniard; and long, black, matted hair fell down around his shoulders, and completely hid his neck. His eyes were light, I noticed, and had an intelligent expression; and his dress I did not fail to perceive was something like my own. He seemed so penitent for having disturbed me, as he expressed it, that I felt my anger vanish in a moment; but still I thought it best not to appear too easily pacified.

"You are a Frenchman, I perceive?" I said.

"Oui, monsieur, at your sarvais."

"The French," I rejoined, "are considered a very polite people: how is it that, being one of them, you could be so rude as to look over a gentleman's shoulder while he was reading?"

"Ten million pardone, monsieur! I was forgeet. I was look at ze papeer, to geet ze nam'. I do ze not ageen, I do assure. I not would mak' my contree ashame'—but I av not mooch breed a la mode. I was a poor pedleer."

"Ah! so you are a pedlar?" returned I, suddenly becoming much interested in my brother chip. "Sit down! never mind what is past: I was a little hasty."

The sudden change in my manner, seemed to make my new acquaintance rather suspicious; for he eyed me curiously; and though he so far complied with my request as to seat himself, yet he managed to leave quite a space between us; and I observed he put his hands in his pockets, as if he feared I might, by some hocus pocus, abstract his money without his knowledge. In order to reassure him, I informed him that I was on the point of adopting his vocation.

"You, monsieur!" he exclaimed; "you was become one pedleer? By gar! I was so mooch astonish nevare. I sall shook your hand off;" and faith I thought he would; for he squeezed and shook it for something less than five minutes: in fact, until I withdrew it, and begged him to reseat himself. "I was so mooch happee, I forgeet," he said, by way of apology.

"What do you sell?" I inquired.

"Jewelry, and sooch tings."

"Jewelry, eh? why then we are both in the same line."

"You sell him, eh? ha? By gar! I was like to shook you hand ageen, for say so. But no—I do him not—I might forgeet ze leetle stop."

"Which way are you travelling?" I inquired.

"I was just coome from Galvestone: I was for to try ze contree up to Brazos riviere."

"Ever been this route?"

"Nevare. I was coome from Nouvelle Orleon on ze boat, one, two day gone by."

"Where do you put up for the night?"

"In zis hotel, with monsieur."

"Hum! yes. How do you carry your jewelry?"

"In one leetle box—with strop—zo—under de arm."

"Where is your box?"

"Up stair. Will monsieur look at him?"

"With pleasure," I answered.

"Will monsieur geet ze light—I show him with mooch delight."

I procured the light, and we went up stairs. To my surprise, the Frenchman stopped at my door; and taking a key from his pocket, applied it to the lock.

"Not here," I said; "you have made a mistake; this is my room."

The Frenchman looked at the number, and replied, with a shrug:

"If meestake, monsieur was mak' him: zis be my lodging, where I keep ze box. Ze key say zo—see!" and with the last word, he threw open the door, adding: "Will monsieur step in please?"

I went in, looked around, and assured myself I was not mistaken. It was my apartment; and there before me, proof positive, were my box and Harley's.

"Well," I said, rather sternly, "are you satisfied now? I told you it was my room before you entered it—now I trust you are convinced."

"But I say zis be my lodging," replied the other; "and see! dare was my varee box;" and going up to one, he commenced fumbling at the key hole.

I was never a person to be trifled with; and suddenly becoming indignant, for I felt my new acquaintance was presuming on my good nature, I seized him by the collar, dragged him back from the box, and exclaimed:

"Sir! what do you mean by persisting in this foolery? Begone! Leave the room instantly, or I will throw you down stairs!"

"Why, Harry, you needn't work yourself into such a passion about nothing: I suppose I have a right here as well as you—and *that* box is mine," said my French acquaintance, in the voice of Morton Harley.

I never was so thunderstruck in my life; I was perfectly dumb with amazement; and for nearly a minute I stood speechless, gazing upon the person before me, but almost doubting still it could be Harley.

"*Is* it you, Morton?" I inquired, at length.

"Well, Harry, it's nobody else," he answered, in a phrase peculiar to the West; "and if you longer doubt, see here;" and he forthwith removed his wig, whiskers and moustaches, and stood before me Morton Harley indeed, but with his skin discolored by the liquid he had used to change his complexion.

"What shall it be?" I inquired: "I see I am in for it again."

"Oh, never mind the wine this time, Harry. I forgive you a little rough usage, and some harsh words, and you must forgive me the joke. In fact, Harry, it was not intended for a joke; but the most serious earnest; and on its success depended the prosecution of my design. Do you comprehend me?"

"I think I do. But tell me; where and when did you procure this disguise?"

"It was made for me some years ago, and first used while at college, to steal a march on the Faculty. It has been lying in my trunk; but I never showed it to you, for the reason that I wished first to test its virtue, and have some harmless fun at your expense. Henceforth, with Heaven's aid, I dedicate it to a service of momentous importance! I shall not fail to deceive them—eh! Harry?"

"You could deceive your own mother: I never saw an illusion so real."

"Ha! ha! I could now shout for joy. Let them have a care!—let them have a care! But the carriage, Harry—you made the inquiry?"

"Yes!"

"Well?"

"At first I could get no trace of it—could find no one who had seen it; but at last I met a stable-boy, leading a horse, who assured me such a carriage had passed him about a mile from here, on the road running Northward."

"Bravo! As Bulwer says, 'the night is passing.' Oh, that I knew the future! Come, Harry, let us turn in—for we must be up betimes. Remember the wager!"

"I hope to take some pleasure in reminding you of it to-morrow eve," I replied.

That night I had confused dreams of distressed damsels and French pedlars.

CHAPTER VIII.

INCIDENTS.

The morning rose bright and glorious, and the sun, which here in this delightful climate shines a perpetual Summer, now poured a golden flood over awakened nature, making everything look joyous. We are all, in a greater or less degree, the children of nature, and our hearts are apt to feel buoyant when she smiles, and depressed when she frowns or looks gloomy, as the infant prattler takes its cue from its mother.

Harley and I were up betimes; and after breaking our fast, we set out upon our journey, our hearts swelling with a secret, inward exultation, which is at times felt by all, but which language cannot describe.

We had resolved not to begin our new vocation till we were two miles on the road; and Tom was accordingly ordered to follow us at a respectable distance with our boxes. We passed several fine looking houses, and at length came to a deep wood; when, retiring into a thicket, Harley donned his disguise, which he was determined henceforth to wear, lest some accident might betray him to his enemies.

We now for the first time slung our boxes under our arms; and if we did not look foolish, I certainly for one felt so. I found it was one thing to turn pedlar in imagination, and another to be so in reality. Still I screwed myself up with the reflection, that it was not for paltry gain I had "taken to the road," but to accomplish a great purpose; and by dint of much reasoning with myself to this effect, I had almost "screwed my courage to the sticking point," when I chanced to espy Tom, with his back toward me, shaking as if with the ague.

"What is the matter with you?" cried I.

Tom started, turned around, and tried with all his might to look grave and serious; but the desire to laugh overcoming his fear of punishment, he, after displaying sundry contortions of countenance, burst forth in one regular negro "yah! yah!" that might have been heard half a mile.

"You—you can lik dis chile, Massa Hal," he said—"bu but I can't help it—dat de fac'—yah! yah! yah!"

"Well, what in the name of common sense are you laughing at?"

"Why, I was tinking how you look, ef Massa Wal'on, or Old Moll seed you now. I nober tink young Massa Harry, do greatest buck in ole Wargin'a, come down to dis."

"I may come down to something worse for you, if you are not careful," I replied, sternly. "Hark ye, boy! laugh your laugh out now; and mind you never betray, by word, look, or sign, that Harley or I are other than we seem, or I will break every bone in your body!"

"Come, Harry," said my friend, "never mind Tom: I know he will be true—or—" and he gave the black a significant look, and pointed to one of his revolvers, which had an instantaneous effect in bringing about a silence. "Come, Harry, let us forward—for I long to be playing my part."

"Ay, and your part is an easy one, compared to mine, Morton."

"How so?"

"Because you will act behind a mask, and so conceal both your own face and your blushes; while I shall be obliged to expose to the rude gaze of all I meet, an open, honest, modest countenance, which I fear will be perpetually blushing for what its owner does."

"Well, there is some truth in that," laughed Harley; "but you must console yourself with the reflection, that no one here will know you, and that you will never see your kind patrons but once. Come, the wager! the wager. Faith! I see I shall win without an effort."

"Be not too sanguine," said I, now thinking of nothing but victory; for from a child up, I was always ambitious to excel in whatever I undertook. "The first house shall be yours, the second mine; and so we will continue alternately, till we tire of the sport."

"And fail not," returned Harley, "to make inquiry of all you see concerning the carriage, and the location of D'Estang Ville; for some one perchance may know of it; and once discovered, away with all thoughts but those of love and happiness, or despair and revenge."

It was a rich, beautiful country over which we were now passing; and at somewhat regular intervals, were the dwellings of wealthy planters. At the first of these—a pleasant-looking mansion, standing off to the right of the road—Harley stopped; and bidding Tom loiter behind, I went forward to try my luck and test my assurance at the next. The distance between the two was about half a mile; and so occupied was I with thinking of how I should feel and act, and what I should say, that the beauties of a splendid landscape, reposing in the soft sunshine of a lovely day, were unnoticed; and the silvery warblings of hundreds of gay plumed songsters were unheard.

At length I found myself opposite a modest, genteel residence; but when, after gazing upon it a few minutes, I desperately turned my steps into the neat enclosure in front thereof, I felt just as I always fancied a man must feel when caught in the act of robbing a neighbor's hen-roost. I kept on, however—at least my feet did—though my heart seemed all the while going backward—and I really debated with myself, whether there would not be a separation between the two by the time I should get there. A couple of negro children where playing near the house; and advancing to them, I inquired, in a tolerably even tone of voice, considering the state of my nerves, if their mistress were at home. The reply was in the affirmative; and summoning all my fortitude for the awful trial, like a man who is going to be hung, I found myself at the door—though to this day I have no distinct recollection of how I got there.

I knocked.

"Come in," said a sharp voice; and the next moment, trembling from head to foot, with perspiration standing all over me in drops, I found myself in a neat, genteel apartment, where a pale, thin-lipped, sharp-featured, starchy-looking lady sat tying a ribbon around a sombrero.

Our Picture Gallery.

THE TOMB OF KOSCIUSKO, WEST POINT.

I remember this distinctly, and how I wondered at the time, if that would ever shade such a sneaking, hangdog-looking countenance as I fancied and *felt* mine at that moment must be.

"Well?" said the woman, sharply, eyeing me suspiciously from head to foot.

"Madam, I—"

"We don't want to buy anything, sir."

"You mistake me," I stammered, feeling the hot blood of shame and confusion rush to my face, till I thought the heated veins would burst. "I—I—called, madam—for—*a drink of water*."

"Oh! ah! I beg your pardon, sir!—pray be seated. Dinah, (to a negress in an adjoining room,) a glass of water here for this gentleman. You must excuse me! I thought, from seeing your box, you were a pedlar; and I detest the lazy drones, who go strolling about to cheat honest, industrious citizens."

"Yes, madam, so do I," I replied. "Of all professions on earth, I think that of pedling the most detestable;" and I spoke from my heart. Here Dinah brought the water; and having drank, I rose to go. "Could you direct me to D'Estang Ville?" I inquired.

"D'Estang Ville!" repeated the other, musingly. "I think I have heard the name before. It is not in this vicinity, I think."

"I believe not, madam; at least I have heard it is near the river Brazos."

"Well, no, I could not direct you to it; but if you take the road to your left, a mile or two beyond here, you will be right for the Brazos."

"Thank you, madam; I wish you good-day;" and I decamped, feeling something like an escaped convict.

Having got out of sight of the house, I sat down by the road-side, to wait for Harley. In about ten minutes he made his appearance.

"Well, Harry," he said, "what success? Ah! I read failure in your countenance."

I gave him the particulars of my first attempt; and after a hearty laugh, he rejoined, gravely:

"I was afraid of this, Harry. You must try again, and—"

"No, I thank you," I interrupted: "I am satisfied I was never intended for a pedlar. Fortunately, I am not obliged to adopt the profession; and as to the wager, why, I will consider myself the loser."

"Nay, Harry, this will not answer my purpose. You must try your hand at this business till you can pass for a salesman—otherwise you will be ignorant of what you profess; and this may accidentally be discovered, at a time when discovery will be fatal to my project."

"I shall never succeed, I assure you, if all my customers are like yonder shrew."

"You will hardly find two alike, Harry; though from what I understand of this shrew, as you term her, I doubt not she is just the one to trade liberally, if you only touch her right. Mankind is a great organ, on which, in order to play any tune, you have only to be master of the keys and stops. Come, I will go back and trade with this woman, just to convince you of the truth of what I say."

"Better not try her, Harley; she will set her dogs on you."

"No fear of that—shrews do their own dogging," said Harley, laughing. "Stay you here till I return. I will not be long away."

"No longer than to go and come," rejoined I.

But my friend did not return so soon as I expected: in fact, it was a full half-hour ere I saw him again.

"Well," said I, "were you turned out of the house?"

"No," he answered, "I was politely bowed out, with four dollars and sixty-two cents more in my pocket than when I entered. Ah! my dear fellow, nothing like touching them right."

"And did the old woman really want to trade, after all?"

"Why, she said not; but I knew better; and I stayed till I sold her the amount named."

"Well, I have only to say, then, that if you can make *all* the world believe the moon is made of green cheese, I can make somebody. I will try again."

I did try, and succeeded beyond my expectations; and each new trial gave me fresh assurance, till at last Harley said he thought me properly trained for his purpose.

It was now considerably past noon; and as neither of us had eaten since morning, we resolved to push forward to a small village, some two miles distant, and there put up for the night.

On our way thither, we came to a fine-looking dwelling, from which issued the sweetest, most melodious music, I had ever heard. It appeared to be a female voice, accompanied by a guitar.

"Beautiful!" whispered Harley, as breathlessly we listened to the rich, clear, full notes. "Divine!"

I cannot tell why; but an irresistible desire possessed me to see the singer; and grasping my box, as the last soft tones seemed to melt away into "thin air," I resolutely said to myself—

"I will, and here is my letter of introduction."

"Where are you going, Harry?" inquired my companion, as I turned my steps toward the mansion, which stood half-embowered in a beautiful enclosure, that might not inappropriately be likened to ancient Eden.

"Going to make love," I replied.

"Better do it on a full stomach," he rejoined, with something more in the way of remonstrance, to which I paid no attention.

I entered the enclosure, and passing

[illegible]

CHAPTER IX.

[illegible]

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Pictures of Life.

THE PEDLAR AND HIS DOG.

[illegible]

pillow, and laid down—but such an unaccountable and terrible sense of evil pressed upon me, that I could not think of sleeping. Lion, too, appeared uneasy—came and put his fore paws upon the bed every few minutes, then went back to his post by the door, and laid down in a kind of feverish anxiety.

At first I feigned sleep, and snored most musically; but I did not fail to look through the crevice to see what my host and hostess were doing. They laid down upon the bed which stood in the room, without taking off their clothes, and were quiet enough until I began to snore; then I heard them whisper. What were my sensations when I saw them arise softly, and the man take a gun from behind the bed! I saw him, assisted by the hag, draw out a charge of shot which was in the gun, and reload it with a handful of slugs. I turned over heavily and pretended to awake. My plan of action was arranged in a moment. I had worn a wig for several years, on account of losing my hair by a fever. I now determined to make it of more use than it had ever been before. I lifted myself quietly from the bed and felt about in the dark until I had found one of the pumpkins I had seen. Over this I drew my wig, and it happened to be an excellent fit. Having dressed it in this uncommon manner, I crept back to my bed, and placed it upon the pillow in the exact position my head had occupied. When it was thus adjusted, it was in juxtaposition with the crevice, through which I now took another look. Heavens! the fiends were now loading a brace of pistols with the same infernal slugs!

I can't say but I felt a little dry about the throat just then. I looked towards old Lion. I could just discern his great eyes through the darkness. He was still upon the alert. The perspiration began to roll down my face in great drops, not that I felt absolutely afraid—for I flatter myself that I am not a coward—but I did not like the idea of taking human life. I was confident I could defend myself, yet even that confidence was not enough to make me feel altogether comfortable.

Taking my pistol in my hands, I bent over the bed, and commenced snoring again, at the same time watching the movements of the man and his amiable spouse.

Every explosion from my nose seemed to give her infinite satisfaction. They looked at each other, nodded, and smiled grimly. He took the gun, and in his stocking feet approached the crevice opposite my bed, followed by the hag with the pistols and carving-knife. Stopping, he peeped into my room, and brought his ferocious-looking eyes to bear upon my wig. I knew it would be dangerous to see any more. I raised my head out of harm's way, and emitted now and then a snore. I distinctly heard him fix the muzzle of the gun against the fissure opposite the wig, and then with a tremor of indignation, and a kind of creeping sensation all over me, I drew back and awaited the result. It was a moment of awful suspense to me. What if he should discover the cheat and elevate his piece? A thousand such thoughts rushed through my mind in an instant. The cold sweat ran down my face in streams. Thank Heaven! I was not kept long in suspense.

A terrible explosion followed the fearful pause. A storm of slugs poured into my bed, perforating my wig, and scattering the pumpkin in every direction.

"He won't never tell no stories," I heard the assassin say, as he dropped the breech of the gun heavily on the floor. "Now for the dog."

During these operations, Lion had placed himself by my side, with his fore feet upon the bed, while to keep him still, I put my hand over his mouth. At the moment of the discharge, he gave a low growl, and I pointed towards the door. He understood my meaning well. His eyes flashed like balls of fire, while he waited the moment to wreak his vengeance on the assassins.

"I will open the door a little, and when the creetur sticks his head out, shoot him," said the she wolf.

The door was opened, but "the creetur" didn't "stick his head out." Lion knew better than that; he waited his chance. Emboldened by not hearing anything, the door was gradually opened.

Now was the time. With a terrific howl, Lion leaped over the head of the woman, and seizing the ruffian by the throat, dragged him in an instant to the floor, where a great struggle took place. In another moment the hag was writhing in my nervous grasp. Her surprise was so great that she made but little resistance, and I quickly bound her, hand and foot, with a cord which she had procured for another use—perhaps to drag my body away into the woods.

The next thing was to attend to the man and Lion. The struggle was still going on, but the former had the worst of it. Lion had set his sharp teeth into the throat of the wretch, and rendered all his efforts abortive, although he was a man of powerful frame. He was already reeking with blood, and I hastened to save what little life was in him. The dog was loth to quit his hold, and when he did, he left one victim to punish another! for before I could prevent it, he set his teeth quite through the hag's arm, who shrieked like a lunatic.

The fellow looked ghastly enough when I released him. His neck was frightfully torn, but he got no sympathy from me. I bound him as I had his companion in iniquity, while he maintained a moody silence, and she heaped curses upon the dog. I bound her apron about his neck, which was all the surgical aid he got from me. Lion seemed very well satisfied with the arrangements, and laid down in the corner, and watched them with much calm philosophy.

We remained with them until morning. I cannot say but I enjoyed our triumph as much as Lion did, as they were certainly old offenders, and so it was afterwards proved in a court of justice. As good fortune would have it a man passed the next morning, by whom I sent word to the nearest settlement of what had occurred.

Before ten o'clock, the offenders were in the hands of the law. They were conveyed to the nearest jail, where they awaited their trial which took place about two months after.

They were sentenced to ten years' imprisonment, which, all the circumstances considered, was not too much. I believe if ever they live to get out, they will kill Lion, should he survive their punishment; and he is still as strong and healthy a dog as you can find anywhere. No money would tempt me to part with him. He is now looking me quietly in the face as I write this. I have hinted to him the propriety of having his likeness published with this sketch; but he shakes his head gravely, as much as to say—"I don't care about it, master; every worthless puppy has his likeness published now-a-days."

Grateful for past services, I suffer him to have his own way in this, as in a great many other matters. Let no one despise the dog, for he is the only animal who, forsaking his own species, cultivates the society and friendship of man.—*Olive Branch.*

IS ALCOHOL POISON?

A bushel of rye or corn is known to contain four and one-half gallons of proof spirit, which may be extracted by fermentation and distillation. A hearty laboring man will readily eat one pound or more of corn bread at a meal, and he thus has taken into his stomach the elements of half-a-pint of alcohol. Does it poison him?

The above piece of profound chemical knowledge having appeared in one of the papers, a correspondent of the N. Y. Tribune thus comments on it:—

One would scarcely suppose that any respectable journal would publish such ridiculous matter as is contained in the above quotation; yet your readers will be more surprised when they are told that it is editorial.

A bushel of rye or corn does not contain one atom of alcohol, or proof spirit; and no man can *extract* any from it.

All vegetable matter is composed of, and may be resolved into, one or more of the four following simple substances, viz: carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, nitrogen. All the cereals are composed of the whole of these substances, combined in different proportions; added to which, they contain about 2-100 of inorganic matter. Rye and corn are composed of several distinct compound substances, viz.: water, starch, gum, sugar, oil, woody fibre, and several substances containing nitrogen. Almost any vegetable substance may, *by being subjected to chemical changes and substitutions, be converted into alcohol.*

Alcohol is never the direct production of vegetation, but is always, when produced, the result of the destruction of vegetable productions.

"Alcohol is pure spirit, entirely divested of water."

This latter is quite as erroneous as the former. Alcohol consists of carbon, 4; hydrogen, 4; water, 2. If you deprive it of one of its atoms of water, it becomes ether.

Gentlemen who pretend to write for public information, should at least understand the A B C of the subjects they undertake to elucidate.
G. B. B.

☞ Doctor Stevens, in his address to the graduates, said that "notwithstanding the toils connected with a medical life, it is a happy calling." This is just our opinion, and has been ever since we saw Dr. Rhubarb charge a dollar for shaking his head at an inflamed ankle.—*Dutchman.*

Miscellaneous.

A VISIT TO POMPEII.

[The public have had no recent description of Pompeii. The following letter from Mr. Weed, editor of the *Albany Evening Journal*, who is now travelling in Italy, shows the progress which has been made in the excavations, and will be found exceedingly interesting.]

NAPLES, Feb. 20, 1852.

The day chosen for our visit to the long buried city of Pompeii proved auspicious. We had the benefit of a bright sun and a balmy atmosphere. To us it was a day of deep, absorbing interest. We lingered for six hours about the now solitary edifices and silent streets which, two thousand years ago, teemed with a dense population.

It is twelve miles from Naples to Pompeii.—The road runs along the Bay shore at the foot of Vesuvius for ten miles, and then turns to the South-East through a valley and near the river Sarno, which is supposed to have been its ancient boundary, though there is now a fertile valley a mile in extent between the city and the river. In going to Pompeii you pass through Portici and Torré del Greco, towns that have been built upon lava foundations, and are sure to be destroyed when Vesuvius discharges itself in this direction; and yet the inhabitants live on as little concerned as we are with the idea that the world is, at some future period, to be destroyed by fire—an idea, by the way, which finds strong corroborative evidence in the fact that internal fires are rending mountains and upheaving seas throughout a region hundreds of miles in extent.

The ancient city of Pompeii is plainly indicated by a ridge or mound extending from the base of Vesuvius to its excavated amphitheatre, which is situated at its Eastern extremity. Not much, if any more than one-third of the city has been excavated; and most of this was done by the French, though the work has been progressing moderately under the Neapolitan Government. The task is herculean, for the city lies buried under volcanic earth from ten to twenty feet deep, and as the roofs of the buildings were all crushed, the apartments were of course filled with solid earth.

Volcanic soil is very fertile. The unexcavated portions of Pompeii are highly cultivated. Whatever is planted or sown here produces abundantly. Extensive and beautiful vineyards grow and bear luxuriantly. These vineyards give us the Lagrimo Christi and Falernian wines, which, though most delicious, are heating and fiery, as may well be inferred from the nature of the soil which produces the grape.

There are about fifty laborers engaged now in excavations. We were allowed to use the pick but not to take away any of the spoils, though, like other visitors, we did obtain a few specimens, among which were fragments of stucco and Etruscan ware. Whenever a Sovereign visits Naples the event is signalized by developing, in his presence, the contents of a house, and these are given by the King to his royal guest. Everything valuable found at Pompeii has been carefully preserved here in the Museum, to which, as well as to Pompeii, strangers have free admission.

The excavations display streets, institutions, dwellings, shops, &c., &c., in a much more perfect condition than I had supposed. These are all satisfactorily identified. There is neither doubt nor obscurity as to the Pantheon, the Tribunal, the Temples of Isis, Bacchus, Jupiter, Hercules; the theatres, the baths, the houses of Diomede, Pansa, &c., &c., &c. Not only the walls of these buildings, but their different compartments, with, in some instances, elaborate fresco paintings, are seen. Entire streets have been excavated and renumbered. Wine and oil stores were identified by the jars and other vessels in which those liquids were kept, and which are still in use here. In a large bake-house, the ovens of which are perfect, bread, with the name of the baker stamped on each loaf, was found. In Diomede's wine vault, the wine jars are still standing against the wall, close to which several skeletons were found, one of which was supposed to be either the wife or daughter, from the rich necklace, bracelet and ear-rings that adorned the person of the sufferer. Near the gate of the city leading to Herculaneum, the skeleton of a soldier, who perished on duty, with his armor on and his arms by his side, was found. The sentry-box in which this soldier was found is perfect.

The amphitheatre was a noble structure. The seats were of marble. Near the arena are dens or cells in which the wild beasts with which the gladiators contended, were caged.—In one of these the skeleton of a lion was found. In this amphitheatre it is said that 20,000 spectators could be seated.

The streets were paved with large stones of irregular size and shape, but with a flat surface, in which were cavities evidently caused by the wheels of vehicles. The sidewalks are raised like ours, and handsomely paved with pebbles, and around temples, &c., with mosaic. In front of the Vestals there is a fine mosaic pavement, with the word "Salve" (welcome) on the sill at its entrance. In one of the largest and most elegant houses were marble dining-tables.

The King keeps intelligent guides at Pompeii for the two-fold purpose of showing visitors through the city and protecting its treasures.—We were fortunate, in addition to the information given by the guide, in having Mr. Morris, our representative to this government, who knows Pompeii as he knows his own city of Philadelphia, with us. Having wandered for three hours, which took us about two-thirds through the city, we sat down upon the broken wall of the Tribunal, in view of the Pantheon, the Theatre, &c., &c., to our lunch, moistening our bread with Falernian wine, distilled from vineyards growing over a city, whose inhabitants, eighteen centuries ago, held this beverage as fit for their gods. Having discussed our viands, we resumed and completed our pilgrimage, passing out of the city at a gate which opened upon the Appian Way that led to Rome, on either side of which for some distance were tombs. I wish it were possible to impart to friends even a faint idea of the solemnity and impressiveness of Pompeii. Though walking literally among the tombs, all the aspects of Pompeii are cheerful. The streets are clean, and all around you is a stillness in harmony with the scene and its associations. You look upon smoking Vesuvius, down which the burning lava ran, making for itself channels which still remain.

Having thus explored Pompeii, we repaired to the Museum, where its recovered treasures are deposited; and here again, mingled amazement and admiration, with even increased intensity, are awakened. These treasures (belonging in part to Herculaneum) fill eight spacious halls, each devoted to classified articles. The room we visited first contains kitchen furniture of every conceivable description, mostly in bronze, and bearing a strong resemblance to articles now in use. In this department of domestic life the Pompeiians were not behind those of our day. An adjoining room is devoted to Etruscan vases of beautiful form. In this room, also, are several magnificent Mosaics.—Then comes a room devoted to glass in various colors, and for nearly all the purposes for which it is now used. And yet, while this knowledge belonged to the buried inhabitants of Pompeii nearly two thousand years ago, its uses and its existence was comparatively unknown in England a thousand years afterwards! Another room is devoted to sacrificial vases and other appendages of heathen worship, among which are vessels for incense, idols, deities, &c., &c. Then comes a room devoted to weights, measures, scales, lamps, candelabras, &c., &c., among which are steelyards, with the name of Augustus inscribed under figures of Romulus and Remus. These articles show a higher state of civilization in this respect than existed in England during the reign of Elizabeth, and prove that the ages that succeeded were indeed dark ones. Two rooms are devoted to miscellaneous articles, including iron stocks found in front of a prison, agricultural implements, vases, essence bottles found in the bath houses, a helmet with bas-relief representing the conflagration of Troy; bells of various descriptions, and those for cattle precisely such as are used now; with flat irons similar to our own; letters for stamping bread, so like type that the art of printing ought not to have been a comparatively modern discovery; mirrors; opera tickets, numbered to correspond with the seats; musical instruments; dice; pins; nails; locks; keys; lots found in the mouth of a skeleton horse; paints, including rouge, &c. In another room is a vast collection of memorials belonging to the amusements, revels, &c., of the Pompeiians. These indicate a very great fondness for festivals, masquerades and kindred amusements. Among the divinities to which they sacrificed, it is quite evident that Bacchus and Venus were most popular.

"The Cabinets of Gems" are in a room in which visitors, ladies especially, linger longest. This room is floored with Mosaic taken from Pompeii. There, carefully preserved in glass cases, are gold necklaces, bracelets, pins, ear and finger rings, chains, &c., similar to those now worn, together with a great variety of golden ornaments. There are, also, silver cups, plates, spoons, salvers, &c. Here, too, are loaves of bread, honey, grain, soap, oil and wine in flasks, and eggs, unbroken and but slightly discolored. Here, too, are bits of wearing apparel, of wool and linen, and skeins of sewing silk.

The statuary, arranged in rooms of great magnitude upon the ground floor, presents objects of profound admiration. In looking at these marble and bronze presentments you cannot doubt for a moment that you have the faces, head, features and expression of illustrious persons who sat for them. In many instances these heads indicate clearly the qualities, good or bad, noble or ignoble, for which the originals were distinguished. And in this description of art, Pompeii and Herculaneum were far in advance of an age which supposes itself immeasurably ahead of the ancients. Even the statuary of the palmiest days of Rome fails to surpass that which has been rescued from the ruins of these buried cities. And the extent and variety of these works of art is truly amazing.—There was more fine statuary buried in these two small cities than has been produced throughout the world, during the last three centuries.

Among so many hundred statuary gems challenging admiration, it is difficult to discriminate, though there are some figures that fasten themselves upon your attention and memory. Such for example, as the "Wounded Gladiator," "The Mother of Balbus," "Agrippina, the Mother of Nero," "Titus," "Caligula," "Claudius," "Cæsar," "Marcus Aurelius," "The Hunter," "A Fawn Reposing on a Skin of Wine," "Augustus," "Infant Hercules Strangling Serpents," "Maximus in the Costume of a Consul," "Alexander the Great Mounted on Bucephalus, whose trappings are of Silver," "Brutus," "Cicero," "Homer," &c. But the head which, for the last two or three years has arrested the attention of Americans the moment they enter the room, is that of Seneca, whose strong, marked and clearly defined resemblance to Gen. Taylor is most remarkable. Those who loved Gen. Taylor and revere the memory of that truly great and good man, recognize this striking likeness of him in the head and features of one of the Sages of Antiquity, with deep emotion.
W.

ZINC VS. LEAD—PUBLIC HEALTH.

Since the introduction of Zinc Paint in this country, some three years ago, by the New Jersey Zinc Company, we have been asked repeatedly, if White Lead is really poisonous and dangerous, as chemists and medical men assert. We answer, yes! The simple fact of repeated poisonings by lead water pipes, leaded cisterns, &c., is abundant proof that lead, in its simplest form, is dangerous for certain uses—especially in water-pipes and paint. Whoever will read the able octavo Treatise on Lead Diseases, by L. Tanquerel, an eminent French *savant*, translated by Prof. Dana, of Boston, will be satisfied, without our assertion, of the poisonous influence of lead in various ways. If other competent authorities are necessary, consult Drs. Dalton, Adams, Webber, and Chilton.

There are five diseases specially resulting from contact with Lead—and more particularly Lead Paint—to wit: Colic, Rheumatism, or Neuralgia; Paralysis, Loss of Sensation, Delirium and Coma, &c. *The British and Foreign Medical Review*—standard authority—in an article on the subject, states that, during eight years, in the single Hospital *La Charité*, Paris, 2,161 persons, many of whom died, were treated for Lead Diseases; 1,213 being Lead Colic. A large proportion of these were persons who had been employed in the manufacture and grinding, or painting with White Lead. Chemists and medical men agree that buildings painted with lead should not be tenanted for several months after. Thousands of painters become diseased and die over their paint-poisons, without dreaming that the cause lies in Lead. The public suffer proportionately. Nor is this a matter of wonder, when it is known that various forms of poison are plentifully evolved from Lead in its different states, by contact with substances and gases.

We speak now of this matter, because the season is at hand when the painter is to be specially busied over his poisons. There is no plea of profit or necessity for the use of Lead for any of the common purposes, such as Pipe, Paint, etc. Zinc is better, cheaper, more durable, and entirely free from sanitary objection.—The pure Zinc—from the New Jersey Mines—and we allude to this, because it is the best, if not the only pure Zinc yet discovered—is, for any use we have mentioned, fifty per cent. superior to Lead, commercially speaking—and incalculably superior, when health is considered. It has been tested to this end, thoroughly, by chemists, and painters. As a paint, Zinc White, as a mere question of dollars and cents, is about forty per cent. cheaper than White Lead; besides, it is a pure white, spreads better than Lead, is more brilliant and durable, and retains its freshness for years. The Colored Zinc paints form directly a metallic surface on wood, brick, [illegible] known, owing to the great amount of mineral condensed in the Zinc Colors, and the small amount of oil used. No house-owner, after trying Zinc Paint once, will ever submit to the use of Lead again, and no painter who investigates the subject, will work with Lead if he can get Zinc. And consider, that some 50,000 tons of Lead paint-poison are used in this country per year.

The French Government, always foremost in adopting discoveries of public utility, has for some years past ordered all public buildings painted with Zinc Paint, for reasons of both profit and health. The example is being generally followed in France. It would be worthy of our Government to think of matters of this kind. We might add a volume, but we have said enough, we trust, to satisfy our querists, and to commend the subject to the investigation of painters, paint-consumers, and the public.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

MEN AND WOMEN.

You, young, loving creature, who dream of your lover by night and by day—you fancy that he does the same of you? He does not—he cannot; nor is it right he should. One hour, perhaps, your presence has captivated him, subdued him even to weakness; the next, he will be in the world, working his way as a man among men, forgetting, for the time being, your very existence. Possibly if you saw him, his outer self so hard and stern, so different from the self you know, would strike you with pain. Or else his inner and diviner self, higher than you dream of, would turn coldly from *your insignificant love.*

Any one might have known that the above paragraph, which has recently been going the rounds of the papers, would kick up a "regular muss"—and here we have it, from a lady correspondent of the Olive Branch:—

"Insignificant love!!" I like *that*; I do.—More especially when out of ten couple you meet, *nine* of the wives are as far above their husbands, in point of mind, as the stars are above the earth. "For the credit of the *men*, I should be sorry to say how many of 'em would be *minus* coats, hats, pantaloons, cigars, &c., were it not for *their wives'* earnings, or how many smart speeches and talented sermons have been concocted by their better halves, (while *rocking the cradle*) to be delivered to the public at the proper time, *parrot fashion*, by the *lords* (?!) of creation!

Wisdom will die with the *men*, there's no gainsaying *that!* Catch a regular, smart, talented, energetic woman, and it will puzzle you to find a man that will hold a candle to her for *go-aheadativeness*. The more obstacles she encounters, the harder she struggles, and the more you try to put her down, *the more you won't do it.* She will have what she wants, if she sets the world on fire; and she *won't have* what she *don't*, if you point a bayonet at her breast. Children, sometimes, are obliged to write under their crude drawings, *this is a dog*, or, this is a *horse*. If it were not for coats and pantaloons, we should be obliged to label, *this is a man*, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred!

"Insignificant love!" What does a man offer himself a dozen times to the *same* woman for? Pity to take so much pains for such a *trifle!* "Insignificant love!" Who sets you on your feet again, when you fail in business, by advancing the nice little sum settled on herself by her anxious pa? Who cheers you up, when her nerves are all in a double twisted knot, and you come home with your face long as the moral law? Who wears her old bonnet *three Winters*, while you smoke, and drive, and sail, and go to the opera, and the Lord knows where, beside. Who sits up till the small hours, to *help you find the way up your own staircase?* Who darns your old coat next morning, just as if you were a *human* instead of a *brute?*—and who scratches any woman's eyes out who dare insinuate *her* husband is superior to *you?* "Insignificant love!" I wish I knew the man that wrote that article! I'd appoint his *funeral to-morrow*, and it *should come off, too!!*"
FANNY FERN.

☞ A clever, and, at the same time, fashionable mode of earning an honest penny, is to borrow a brace of babies, tie you arm in a sling, shut both eyes, and get a good-sized boy to lead you and your family "about town." You can readily earn "three dollars a day and roast beef," besides realizing a snug sum to lay by. Signor Bagnpennini, who lately returned to Italy, has purchased an elegant chateau out of the proceeds of just such a fine speculation. Foreign misery is a better paying stock than home industry.

☞ There are more insane women than men. The proportion is about eight to seven.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, APRIL 24, 1852.

ALL THE CONTENTS OF THE POST ARE SET UP EXPRESSLY FOR IT, AND IT ALONE. IT IS NOT A MERE REPRINT OF A DAILY PAPER.

TERMS, &c.

The terms of the POST are $2, if paid in advance—$3, if not paid in advance. For $5 *in advance*, one copy is sent three years. We continue the following *low* terms to Clubs, to be sent, in the city, to one address, and in the country to one Post Office:

4 Copies,	$5 00	Per Annum.
8 " (and one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club,)	$10 00	"
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20 " (and one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club,)	$20 00	"

ADDITIONS TO CLUBS.—Any person having sent the money and names for a Club, may add new names to it at the same rate, provided the latter will allow their subscriptions to end at the same time those of the main list do. We will willingly supply the back numbers if we have them. Our object is to have all the subscriptions in each Club, end at one and the same time, and thus prevent confusion.

The Money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. When the sum is large, a draft should be procured, if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount.

Post Masters or others sending for Clubs, would confer a favor by having them sent to one address, when they can do so conveniently.

All persons addressing letters to us should be careful to give the name of the State, as well as of the town, in which they live. *All letters must be post-paid.*

Subscribers wishing their papers changed, will please give the name of the Post Office to be changed *from*, as well as the Post Office they wish it hereafter sent to.

We trust our old friends the Postmasters, will exert themselves and get up large Clubs for the Mammoth Post; or if they do not feel inclined to take advantage of our liberal offers themselves, that they will show our Prospectus to some other influential and responsible person who will be willing to do so. It must be remembered that the *postage is just the same on a first-class paper, as on the meanest and poorest of the small reprints.*

REMARKABLE PREDICTIONS.

Governor Pownall, an early Governor (we believe) of Massachusetts, seems to have been a very sagacious man, judging from some remarkable predictions of his in the British House of Commons, and in several works, lately brought to light by the "Boston Courier." These predictions were made before the Revolution—and are up to the very highest mark of the Fourth of July glorifications of the present day. He is quoted as saying:

North America has advanced, and is every day advancing, to growth of State, with a steady and continually accelerating motion, of which there has never yet been any example in Europe. It is young and strong. * * * Its strength will grow with its years, and it will establish its constitution, and perfect adultness in growth of State. To this greatness of empire it will certainly arise. * * *

America will become the arbitress of the commercial world, and perhaps the mediatrix of peace, and *of the political business of the world.*

Whoever knows these people will consider them as animated, in this new world, if I may so express it, *with the spirit of the new philosophy.*

Here one sees the inhabitants laboring after the plough, or with the spade and hoe, as though they had not an idea beyond the ground they dwell upon; yet is their mind all the while enlarging all its powers, and their spirit rises as their improvements advance.

The independence of America is fixed as Fate. She is mistress of her own fortune, knows that she is so, and *will actuate that power which she feels*, both so as to establish her own system, *and to change the system of Europe.*

Those sovereigns of Europe who have been led by the office system and worldly wisdom of their ministers—who, seeing things in those lights, have despised the unfashioned, awkward youth of America—when they shall find the system of this new empire *not only obstructing but superseding the old system of Europe*, and [illegible] measures, they will call upon these, their ministers and wise men, "*Come curse me this people, for they are too mighty for me;*" their statesman will be dumb; but the spirit of truth will answer, "How shall I curse whom God has not cursed?"

America will come to market in its own shipping, and will claim the ocean as common—will claim a navigation restrained by no laws but the law of nations, reformed as the rising crisis requires.

America will seem every day to approach nearer and nearer to Europe. When the alarm which the idea of going to a strange and distant country gives to the homely notions of a European manufacturer or peasant shall be thus worn out, a thousand repeated repulsive feelings respecting their present home, a thousand attractive motives respecting the settlement which they will look to in America, will raise a spirit of adventure, and become the irresistible cause of an almost *general emigration to the new world.*

Whether the islands in those parts called the West Indies, are naturally parts of this North America communion is a question in the details of it, of curious speculation, but of no doubt as to the fact.

Rising still higher in his prophetic enthusiasm, he thus apostrophises America:

"A nation to whom all nations will come; a power whom all powers of Europe will court to civil and commercial alliances; a people to whom the remnants of all ruined people will fly; whom the oppressed and injured of every nation will seek for refuge," he exclaims, "actuate your sovereignty, exercise the powers and duties of your throne."

Arise! ascend thy lofty seat,
Be clothed with thy strength—
Lift up on high a standard to the nations!!!

It appears that the above extracts were recently used by Mr. Soulé in the Senate, in support of the new doctrine of Intervention. But, unfortunately for the eloquent Frenchman, he had not read all of Governor Pownall's writings; and he therefore did not know that the sagacious Governor had elsewhere recommended an entire abstinence from all European entanglements—our influence to be such only as flows from a good example. He says:—

America is separated from Europe. She will dwell alone: *She will have no connection with the politics of Europe.*

It appears very clearly, therefore, that Gov. Pownall was both in favor of and opposed to Intervention in European affairs—and we think this another proof of his exceeding wisdom and great sagacity. Standing at his distant point of view, we should think a disposition to advocate either both sides, or neither side, of such an important question, very proper, wise and commendable. On the whole, however, we are inclined to claim the worthy Governor as very much of our own way of thinking—opposed to Armed Intervention as a general rule, but not willing to admit that no case could possibly arise in which such Intervention would be just and right.

THE JAPAN EXPEDITION.—We publish among our general news, a letter from President Fillmore to the Emperor of Japan. This letter reads very well and very peaceable—and we hope that the instructions to Com. Perry are of the same pacific tenor. But we wait for further developments. We feel we have done right meanwhile, in putting on record our opposition to all attempts, now or hereafter, to open trade with Japan or any barbarous nation by other than just and Christian means.

"Oh, it is excellent
To have a giant's strength; but it is tyrannous
To use it like a giant."

CRANBERRY VINES.—A Lancaster County correspondent says: "Please inform me where I can get Cranberry Vines to plant?"

Do not know,—no person having them to sell advertises in the Post, or any other paper, so far as we remember just now. The folly of business men in not advertising more extensively, is only equalled by that of the farmer who does not think it pays to go to the expense of manuring his fields.

THE EUROPEAN REPUBLICANS.—The Republican refugees in London are, it is said, split into two parties—the French, under Louis Blanc, and the Italians, under Mazzini. The former deny that Mazzini is the head of the European Republicans, or that he possesses the confidence of any large portion of them.—We judge, from what we have seen, that the quarrel originated in Mazzini's censures of Socialism.

FAMILIAR SCIENCE.—We call the attention of our readers to the advertisement of this work, on our third page. They can judge of its quality, by the extracts we weekly make from its pages. As a book for the family, as well as for schools, we think it a highly useful and desirable publication.

CRITICISM UPON WORDS.—A correspondent at Princess Anne, Md., says:—

I note a few words, and hope it may excite others to an examination and improvement of the language. How can it be possible that such a common article as a wheelbearer should be suffered to pass with such an absurd orthography as wheelbarrow? Why should the words *all off*, be made an adverb, and written aloof? Should not bier be written bearer? Is not alas, a loss? Why is not the d thrown out of the word knowledge, and g substituted for the k; as it must be derived from *gnosis* and *lego*, should it not be written *gnolige*, signifying a collection of cognizance? Will you deem it worth while to notice these rainy day scribblings?
W. G.

There may be reason in the suggestions of W. G., but we, for one, are no great friends of unsettling our language any farther than is absolutely necessary. A change may be theoretically an improvement, and practically a disadvantage. Scarcely any householder but who could point out changes for the better in his dwelling, which it would have been well to take into account at the building; but it does not necessarily follow that such changes are worth the cost and trouble of altering the house.—There is sound sense in the old maxim: "Let well enough alone"—though we would alter it sometimes to read: Let well enough alone, till bad enough is mended.

AUSTRALIAN GOLD.—Late advices from Australia state that the whole range of the Snow Mountains has been ascertained to be one vast field of gold. Two million five hundred thousand dollars recently arrived at Liverpool, and it was stated that the Government Commissioners had a *ton and a half* of gold in a tent, waiting for an escort to Sydney. Numerous expeditions are being fitted out at St. John's (New Brunswick) and Halifax (Nova Scotia), for the Australian mines. If the accounts from Sydney be not exaggerations, the joint production for the next ten years from California and Australia must certainly have an effect upon the value of the precious metals—which will be shown by their depreciation as compared with land and its products,—or, in other words, by the gradual rise of the latter in monetary value. We surmise, however, that it is quite as much owing to the hard Winter and late Spring—as to Australia and California—that butter in this city is now selling at from 30 to 37½ cents per pound, beef 12 to 15 cents, ham 16 to 18 cents, potatoes $1.25 per bushel, &c.

A QUEER STORY.—A Paris correspondent of the Ledger recently started a queer story, to the effect that Louis Napoleon had designs upon California. The thing looked about as probable as a contemplated invasion of the moon, until the appearance of a paragraph in the news from California, stating that a French expedition of doubtful character recently left San Francisco for Sonora. As "*La Patrie*," the Government organ at Paris, warmly approves the design of the United States expedition against Japan, probably Louis Napoleon thinks that our Government could not object to a similar buccaneering expedition against the Northern provinces of Mexico. We think this vastly more probable than that he should attempt to take possession of any portion of the United States.

KOSSUTH.—Ex-Governor Kossuth passed through this city privately on Saturday last. He dined with Bishop Doane at Burlington, N. J., on Sunday, and had a public reception at Trenton on Monday. On Tuesday, the authorities of Massachusetts welcomed him to the "Old Bay State."

In a recent discussion in the Boston City Councils, relative to Kossuth, it was stated that, when the Boston Committee waited upon him, they were met by the rather startling query,—"*Why did you not come before?*" The reply of their spokesman is not given.

☞ A medical writer in England is endeavoring to prove that salt was the "forbidden fruit" and that if it was no longer used by the human race, "their beauty, bodily perfection and power of mind" would exceed any ere before known in the world.

That is by this time, a somewhat old idea. We well remember reading a communication in one of the reformatory papers, four or five years since, which concluded as follows:—"Yours *for humanity, and no salt.*"

LONDON.—London city proper contains only 125,344 souls, even less than Philadelphia proper—though by including in London the Districts of Westminster, Southwark, &c., which are attached to it, but which are not technically London, the population is swelled to 1,200,274.

A NEW WHISKEY.—We have received from Mr. W. S. Martien, a piece of "Green's Patent [illegible] notes, the object is to enable clerks, &c., to have a rubber that will not stop at an ink mark any sooner than at a lead one. See advertisement.

IMPORTANT TO THE LADIES.—It has been decided at New York, that if a gentleman declines marriage with a lady after the furniture is purchased, she may hold on to the furniture, although it may have been bought with money given to her by him. A righteous decision.

☞ In South Dedham, Mass., within a circuit of ten miles, there reside twelve persons, whose united ages amount to one thousand and six years—an average age of nearly 84! *Dedham* is badly named.

☞ The daily newspapers of this city are advocating the removal of the market houses in Market Street.

New Publications.

WOMAN AND HER NEEDS. By MRS. E. OAKES SMITH, author of the "Sinless Child," "Lost Angel," &c., &c. New York: Fowlers & Wells. For sale by Stokes & Brother, Phila.

In this little book are views on the subject of woman's position, deserving of deep and serious consideration; and we hope they will be met by the discerning class of readers in the candid and earnest spirit with which they are offered. The author, herself remarkable for elegance of person, superiority of mind, and refinement of spirit, is well qualified to plead a somewhat unpopular cause, and may win a hearing where others, less gifted and less gentle, would fail. A few extracts will give an idea of this lady's views:—

DIFFERENCE OF THE SEXES.—The man has a severe, sturdy passiveness, a courageous boldness of mind and limb, adapting him for the hardier and more external duties of life; while to woman belongs that preponderance of tenderness, that intuitive buoyancy of spirit and half-retiringness of nerve, that make her, in her truest life, seek seclusion and dependence. While I say this, I admit the infinitude of shades in either sex by which they blend into each other; and those great occasions in life which may transform a woman into a Medea, and the American savage, even into a nursing mother to his bereaved child.* I only claim that the right to these individual differences be recognized in our sex as well as the other; that the woman who has an intellect to study a profession, be entitled to the same respect as the man who directs a spinning jenny; the woman who, like Portia, is disposed to plead a law case, may meet with the same tolerance as the man who breeds silk-worms and canaries; the woman who teaches navigation, or holds forth in an anatomical or theological lecture, be no more anomalous than the man who sells bonnets and ribbons. And this brings us to the right of property.

FALSE POSITION OF WOMAN.—It may be thought, in claiming the right of productive labor for women, the right to hold and accumulate property, and the right in its privileges, dignities, immunities from coercion and pettiness, I wish to remove her from that sphere of grace and beauty in which it is evident from her organization, both of mind and body, it was the design of God she should walk.

Far from it: we find her in a false position; we find her treated in law as a child and an idiot; we find public opinion, leading and led by the law, regarding her very much in this light; we find her looking for a position in life, not through her own intrinsic worthiness, her own beauty or genius, God's great patent for consideration, but through marriage, by which she becomes a reflex of the glory of another, or a recipient of all his meanness, debasement, and disgrace. Were she trained to the exercise of that forecast and judgment required for the proper ordering of business arrangements, she would look to marriage as the most holy and beautiful climax of her existence, and not as to a settlement in life by which she was to secure position. Her affection would be a sacred deposit, offerings without blemish upon a pure altar. Love is its own great lawgiver, holding its charter from the source of its own being—it learns nothing from interest, nothing from conventionalism; it is, or it is not; and were woman allowed to separate this part of their nature from all motives of calculation, there would be infinitely less disorder in the world.

Now, in a true state of society, we believe a woman would never be associated either with labor or its result—property; it would be enough for her to be beautiful—to stand as a living grace—a link between Earth and Heaven. She would be to the world that last note of music, so exquisite, touching and holy, that it dies away in the narrow limits between a smile and a sigh—lost to the consciousness, and yet touching a cord in the soul that vibrates in Heaven only, having no nerve for its expression here. She would have the passiveness of the Mary of Annunciation, but then so filled with the divine sentiments of chastity, love, and all grace, that the softened rays of the infinite should tremble through her existence. But as yet she has not entered into this pleasant rest promised to the people of God; as yet she is hardly recognized in the new testimony of Jesus. She is the Martha careful for many things, not the Mary at the Master's feet; not the Mary who "sat still in the house" till the Divine voice called her forth—

"They also serve, who only stand and wait;"

but provident Tabithas, fruitful in household garments, and ministering as best they may to manifold human needs.

So be it in the way to progress. If she must toil, let her do so—nobly, systematically, patiently—for the "bread that perisheth," for a name and an honor amongst men; but in the name of truth, in the name of purity, in God's name, let her not compromise her affections, let her not desecrate that part of her nature which is compounded of God himself, Love, to these unhallowed considerations; in other words, let her not be trained to marry, but trained to live, and to live faithful to the laws of her own inmost being. Let her marry or not marry, according as the voice of her own soul shall dictate, and let it cease to be a part of human history, that women are transferred from the sanctity of paternal tenderness to a new hearthstone upon the same principle as a farm or an estate is transferred. Let the fact so die out of human records, that a romance writer would no more dare to outrage pure sentiment and sound morals, by delineating an unnatural father or hard guardian as countenancing, far less compelling, marriages of interest. Let the time come when neither man nor woman would have the hardihood to face public sentiment by alliances so coarsely based. Were it comely for a woman's pen, much very much might be said, most scorchingly said, upon this ground. Women, could they perceive analogies, did they divest themselves of the apathy of smooth common-placeism, and see how their position, secured by interest, unsanctioned by any higher motive, is in *name* only separated from that of the most degraded of the sex; and, more than this, may in the eyes of infinite purity and love be tenfold more culpable and degrading, even as the affluence of affection warranted the forgiveness of a Magdalen; did they see all this folly, truly, and in their inmost souls, they would blush at what now may be a source of pride to them. The law may make that respectable which, seen in an abstract shape, would be quite the reverse. There is a law of God implanted in the human heart, direct and binding, "upright" before the tortuousness of "inventions;" and there is the law of man, growing up from human needs, created by human wrongs; and God be judge which is the more binding. We call Sophocles a heathen, and yet he makes Antigone to say,

"Nor could I ever think
A mortal law of power or strength sufficient
To abrogate the unwritten law divine,
Immutable, eternal; not like those
Of yesterday, but made ere time began."
Franklin's Soph.

Now, she who voluntarily violates any law to which she has yielded her consent, is culpable; and she who knowingly violates the great law of her own being, is doubly so. In saying this, I do not attack existing relations; I protest only against the forming of these upon a false base—the mocking of God with false pretences, the offering of strange fire upon His altar. In other words, I would not have a contract based upon commercial relations placed in the light of a sacrament, as a marriage should be; and I see no way of preventing this, except by putting the sexes upon a platform of equality so far as property is concerned, till the time shall come when human interests shall be better equalized. I would have no mixing and confounding subjects by the gloss of false names and appearances. I would have the affections to stand in their beautiful integrity. I would have a traffic, a barter, stand on its own pedestal—and humanity courageously asserting not only its own individuality in the type whether of man or woman, but courageously truthful in its vocabulary; calling things by their right names, and not be shammed by pretences. Society is very squeamish in its dictionary, but exceedingly lenient in its facts, so long as conventionalism is left intact.

A BLIND ANGEL.—The lions have written the books, and having persisted in making that part of our character which brings us in relation to themselves the prominent subject of comment, they have ignored our other attributes, till there is a vague feeling engendered that a woman is the worse for large endowments of any kind whatever. Iago's narrow and coarse exposition of her vocation,

"To suckle fools, and chronicle small beer,"

is not far from the popular estimate. Genius and beauty, God's crowning gifts, are looked upon with distrust, if not with dread. The fear that a woman may deviate the slightest from conventionalism in any way, has become a nervous disease with the public. Indeed, so little is she trusted as a creation, that one would think she were made marvellously beautiful, and endowed with gifts of thought and emotion only for the purpose of endangering her safety—a sort of spiritual locomotive with no check-wheel, a rare piece of porcelain, to be handled gingerly—in fact, a creature with no conservative elements within herself, but left expressly thus, that men might supply them, and lead and guide, and coerce and cajole her, as it pleased him best. She is a blind angel, neither adapted to Heaven nor earth in herself, but, if submitting graciously to man's guidance, capable of filling a narrow, somewhat smoky, and very uncertain nook on this small planet, and possibly to win Heaven through the perfection of suffering here.

Let her assert the laws of her being, let her say she is capable of more than this narrow sphere, that she grieves and frets in the cage, and the fault is grievous. She is ill-tempered, ambitious, unwomanly—as though womanhood had but one signification. It is even a reproach for her to have a will of her own. The voice of her own soul within her crying for space and recognition must be suppressed, lest she should be less subservient as a wife, and less humdrum as a mother; and yet the heroes of their age were not born of your tame women. The fathers of Wesley, and Washington, and Napoleon were far from being superior men; indeed we should rather call them very orderly, sensible, dull people; [We are not so sure about this.—*Ed. Post.*] while their mothers were each brilliant, individualized, strongly marked characters, with fine health and great personal beauty.

It seems strange that we should need to enter a plea for the faculties that God has given us; but so it is. The persistent use of the obnoxious word *female* in our vocabulary is proof of the light in which we are regarded.

Read but a tithe of the twaddle written by the other sex in regard to our nature, and it will be seen how little we are understood. Take up a common newspaper, which may be regarded as an exponent of the popular voice, and see how we are talked of—as creatures, one would suppose, belonging to a different race. Here is a paragraph from the first paper at hand, in illustration:

WOMAN'S CHARACTER.—No trait of character is more valuable in a *female* than the possession of a sweet temper. Home can never be made happy without it. It is like the flowers that spring up in the pathway, reviving and cheering us. Let a man go home at night wearied and worn by the toils of the day, and how soothing is a word dictated by a good disposition. It is sunshine falling upon his heart. He is happy, and the cares of life are forgotten.

Far be it from me to gainsay the expiring, lackadaisical truth of the sentiment herein expressed. But would one be quite sure the being spoken of was a woman?—would it not rather seem it might be some dangerous creature shut up in a very dull and somewhat unfurnished chamber—said creature being apt sometimes to exhibit quite the contrary manifestations?

* Vide Schoolcraft.

ROMANCE OF NATURAL HISTORY; OR, WILD SCENES AND WILD HUNTERS. By C. W. WEBBER, Author of "Shot in the Eye," "Old Hicks the Guide," "Gold Mines of the Gila," &c., &c. Philadelphia: Lippincott, Grambo & Co.

A very fascinating book to those who are fond of adventure. Mr. Webber's style of narration is exceedingly spirited and stirring, and, considered in the light of natural history, his descriptions of the appearance and habits of wild animals, being drawn from life, have greatly the advantage over those given by closet naturalists. "The Boy Hunter," and "The Naturalist Developing," we like particularly—they would charm the fancy of a boy of kindred tastes. "Audubon—the Hunter-Naturalist," is written with delightful enthusiasm. "The Texan Huntress" will be remembered by the readers of the "Post." "Hunting Peccaries in Texas," which our readers also have seen, is a very entertaining account of one of the oddest of animals. The book has a number of illustrations, among the most striking of which are "The Darkie Fiddler and the Wolves," and the "Skater Chased by Wolves."

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.

The May number of Graham contains a steel engraving of "The Bavarian May Queen," and excellently executed wood cuts of Sunrise, May Morning, Optical Phenomena, &c. The literary contents are "The Game of the Month," by Herbert; "Stratford-on-Avon," by Miss Bremer; "Optical Phenomena," by Thomas Milner, M. A.; "The Sigh," by Mrs. E. Oakes Smith; "The Isle and Star," by G. D. Prentice; "Nelly Nowlan to Her Aunt," by Mrs. S. C. Hall; a poem by Phebe Carey, &c., &c. There is also an ably written article on "The Crystal Palace and Its Lessons," by Horace Greeley.

THE HISTORY OF GEORGIA, from its Earliest Settlement to the Present Time. By T. S. ARTHUR and W. H. CARPENTER. Philadelphia: Lippincott, Grambo & Co.

This volume is one of a Series of State Histories, which, (to quote from the preface,) "without superseding the bulkier and more expensive works of the same character, may enter household channels from which the others would be excluded by their cost and magnitude."

The book is neatly got up, and embellished by a handsome portrait of Gen. Oglethorpe.

TALES OF THE SOUTHERN BORDER. Part I. By C. W. WEBBER, Author of "Shot in the Eye," "Old Hicks the Guide," &c., &c., &c. Philadelphia: Lippincott, Grambo & Co.

This is the first of a series to be issued in four parts. The present number contains "The Shot in the Eye," "A First Day with the Rangers," "The Bravo's Stratagem," and "Adam Baker, the Renegade." The leading story, which has been published before, is a thrilling one, and very effectively told.

LYNDE WEISS; AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY. By GEO. H. THACHER, Author of "Nag's Head," "Bertie," &c., &c. Philadelphia: Lippincott, Grambo & Co.

A book full of adventures of various sorts, some exciting, others amusing, with illustrations to match.

LIFE OF LORD JEFFREY. [With a Selection from his Correspondence. By LORD COCKBURN, one of the Judges of the Court of Session in Scotland. In two volumes. Philadelphia: Lippincott, Grambo & Co.

The letters which form a prominent part of this work are particularly agreeable and interesting, giving an insight of the personal characteristics and domestic life of the great critic. It may not be generally known how he came by his title. It was assumed when he took his seat on the bench, in 1834. "The Scotch Judges are styled Lords: a title to which long usage has associated feelings of reverence in the minds of the people who could not now be soon made to respect or understand *Mr. Justice.*" "Jeffrey had land enough to entitle him to sink his honored name in that of his bit of earth; but, like many others, he did not choose to do it, and became Lord Jeffrey."

Many engaging traits of private character shine out in the familiar correspondence of this distinguished writer, and his clear, sound, and brilliant intellect, easy flowing style, and wonderful command of language are a perpetual delight to the reader. Here is an opinion worthy of notice:

"Much as I patronize idleness, and firmly as I still believe that it would bring no *ennui* to myself, I daily see the prodigious advantage which a regular occupation brings in this capital article of amusement. Every little interval of leisure, and almost every sort of frivolous thought you can fill it with, is a delight to a man who has escaped from hard work; while those who have nothing to do but to amuse themselves, find no delight in anything. For this reason I doubt whether your American young ladies, who have not half so many tastes and restraints put upon them as young ladies everywhere else have, are altogether so happy on the whole; and I think I have seen more visible marks of ennui in the misses just entered on their teens, who are allowed so prematurely to pass their whole mornings in parading in Broadway, than I ever saw in so young faces before. When I write my threatened book upon female education, I must rank that of your free country among the most injudicious."

In the same line of thought is this scrap of philosophy—

"A man must have something to do in order to prevent him from wearying of his own existence; and something it must be, imposed upon him to do, under more precise and specific penalties than that of the mere weariness that he would feel by neglecting it. So that if he be not in such a situation as will sometimes oblige him to complain of the drudgery to which he is tasked, he will generally find himself in a situation much more to be complained of."

Jeffrey appears to have been one of the warmest friends of Dickens, and one of the heartiest admirers of his genius. The following is an extract from a letter written when the numbers of "Dombey" were coming out:

"Oh, my dear, dear Dickens! what a No. 5 you have now given us! I have so cried and sobbed over it last night, and again this morning; and felt my heart purified by those tears, and blessed and loved you for making me shed them; and I never can bless and love you enough. Since that divine Nelly was found dead on her humble couch, beneath the snow and the ivy, there has been nothing like the actual dying of that sweet Paul, in the summer sunshine of that lofty room. And the long vista that leads us so gently and sadly, and yet so gracefully and winningly, to that plain consummation! Every trait so true and so touching—and yet lightened by that fearless innocence which goes *playfully* to the brink of the grave, and that pure affection which bears the unstained spirit, on its soft and lambent flash, at once to its source in eternity."

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK.

Godey for May contains engravings of "January (why not December?) and May," "May Day Among the Juveniles," "The Dead Dove," &c. The contributors are Alice B. Neal, Mrs. Ellet, Clara Moreton, "Helen Hamilton," "*Patience Price*" (?), the "Author of Miss Bremer's Visit to Cooper's Landing," a Lady of Virginia, &c.

General News.

FOREIGN NEWS.—Secretary Walpole has introduced his new Militia Bill, in the House of Commons. Lord Palmerston supported the measure, whilst Lord Russell made no opposition to it. Mr. Hume, however, protested against the bill, and Mr. Cobden ridiculed it.

The provisions of Mr. Walpole's Militia Bill aim at raising a force of 80,000 strong—50,000 the first year, by voluntary enlistment, for a term of five years, and a bounty of £4 or £5, in one payment, or by monthly instalments. The time of arming and discipline is to be twenty-one days in each year, but power is given, in cases of emergency, to increase it to seven weeks, or reduce it to three days. The estimated average expense is £25,000 per year—for the first year, £400,000.

Mr. Berkley's bill, for voting by ballot at Parliamentary elections, has been rejected by a majority of 162.

Sharman Crawford's Irish Tenant Bill has also been rejected, through a [illegible]

A bill has been announced for establishing steam-communication between Canada, Newfoundland and England.

At a recent meeting in Liverpool, the Tory candidate said that Lord Derby would not reverse the commercial policy of Sir Robert Peel, but would only modify it.

The London Times of the 7th, announces the death of Prince Schwarzenberg, Prime Minister of Austria, who died at Vienna, on the 5th, of apoplexy.

The Arctic Squadron, employed to search for Sir John Franklin, was to leave Woolwich on the 10th of April.

FRANCE.—The French Chambers were opened on the 29th ult., by President Napoleon, in person, attended by a brilliant staff. His reception was of the warmest kind. He read his speech standing in the tribune. He announced that it was the interest of France to preserve relations of amity with all nations, and disclaimed any intention of assuming the Emperorship of France, but at the same time he declared that if disaffection or intrigue should force him to adopt other measures, he would demand from the people, in the name of the repose of France, a new title, which would irrevocably fix on his head the power with which the people had invested him.

The President was hailed with loud applause during the reading of his speech, mingled with frequent cries of "*Vive Napoleon.*"

Having concluded his address, the President took the oath of fidelity to the Constitution, after which the members were sworn, each taking the oath of fidelity to the President. Gen. Cavignac and M. Carnot were absent.

Marshal law ceased from the 28th ult., in all the departments. "The Code Civil" resumes its former title, the "Code Napoleon." The President's *dotation* has been fixed at ten million francs. The feeling daily gains ground that an Empire may yet be declared. No further arrests are to be made except according to law.

Liverpool, April 7th.—Messrs. Brown & Shipley's Circular says that cotton has been very dull since the sailing of the America. The sales for the four days amount to 18,000 bales, at prices rather in favor of buyers.

Breadstuffs.—There has been rather more activity in the corn market, but there is no quotable charge in prices.

LONDON DESTITUTION.—The London Times says that an average of one person out of twenty of the inhabitants of that metropolis is every day destitute of food and employment, and every night without a place of shelter and repose. The aggregate in this condition is about 100,000. The editor adds:

"Since England was England, the general prosperity of the country has never reached so high a point as at the present moment. We mark with complacency, the gradual rise of this swelling tide of wealth and luxury; we take no notice of the receding wave. Many schemes have been devised by politic or humane persons to remedy this acknowledged evil. The statesman erects his Poor Law Unions, and the philanthropist his houses of refuge; but still the destitution continues. It is stated in the Registrar-General's annual report for 1849, 'that nearly one human being died weekly in this wealthy metropolis, from actual starvation.' In the corresponding report for 1851, we find that 28 adults died from starvation, and 252 infants from want of breast milk or want of food. In the month of December, 1851, five adults died from starvation, and 29 infants from inanition."

DESIRABLE LARIAT.—A California editor has been presented with a lariat, made of the hair of a beautiful Indian girl of 16 years old, of the Maricopa tribe. It is an elegant black cord, consisting of four braids or plaits, and was procured by a gentleman connected with the Boundary Commission, who has just come across the plains. We have no intention to use it for the ignoble purpose of lassoing wild horses or bulls, as we understand it has done some duty, while in its natural state, in lassoing not a few very wild young men. It is said, upon reliable authority, that they were very willing captives.

LOLA BEHIND THE SCENES.—The Boston Atlas has the following paragraph:—A game of fisticuffs was played at the Howard Athenæum on Saturday, 10th instant, as we have been informed. A certain actor entered the property man's room, and went to work putting out the lights. He was requested to desist by a boy who was in the room, as the lights were wanted, which request he did not see fit to pay attention to. This produced a scrimmage, in which the boy got rather the worst of the bargain, when Mlle. Lola Montez, being near by, and perceiving the difficulty which he labored under, knocked the actor down.

MRS. HENTZ.—A few citizens of Columbus, admirers of the distinguished lady authoress, Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz, have presented her with a purse of $200 in gold, on the eve of her departure on a visit to Florida. In the note of the Committee, by whom it was tendered, they beg the acceptance of the purse, "as a slight testimonial of their high appreciation of the invaluable services she is rendering our common language, by her pure and elevating writings."

☞ The three quickest trips ever made across the Atlantic, were made by the Arctic, Baltic and Pacific, as follows:

Arctic, from New York to Liverpool,	9d. 17h. 30m.		
Pacific, do. do. do.	9d. 19h. 35m.		
Baltic, do. do. do.	9d. 19h. 25m.		

The next quickest trip was made by the Africa, from New York to Liverpool in 10 days and 2 hours.

FROM CALIFORNIA.—The Sierra Nevada arrived at New York on the 16th from Chagres, bringing 280 passengers, $400,000 in gold, and dates to March 20th.

At Panama at last advices, the prices for passage to San Francisco were exceedingly low, and there were but few California passengers.

Our special correspondent at San Francisco writes that there are symptoms of a serious difficulty occurring at Sonora, in relation to the French expedition, which left San Francisco for that place, a short time ago, for the professed purpose of making new gold discoveries, but which, as it turned out, was really bent upon revolutionizing that country, and establishing an independent government, with no idea of being annexed to the United States. The Californians are much incensed at this movement, and talk of getting up an expedition, composed of 1,000 Americans, to take possession of Sonora, and drive out the French. The people of the country are anxious to be independent.

Indignation meetings had recently been held at Sacramento City, in relation to a bill recently passed by the House of Representatives, for making contracts for labor with the Chinese emigrants. The bill was denounced as intended to introduce a system of quasi-slavery and as an outrage upon the rights of American laborers. The bill was passed by the House, after a violent opposition, by a vote of 30 to 20. It is thought, however, that it will not pass the Senate, or if it does, the Governor will veto it.

In the Senate, Mr. Van Buren has introduced a series of resolutions, approving of the Compromise measures.

The Vigilance Committee met at San Francisco on the evening of the 19th ultimo, three hundred and fifteen members being present. Their proceedings were, of course, conducted in secret.

An American whale-ship, name not stated, was seized by a party of convicts at the Galapagos Islands, and the captain and crew murdered, in the most cruel and cold-blooded manner.

LETTER FROM THE PRESIDENT TO THE EMPEROR OF JAPAN.—A number of documents relative to the Japan Expedition were recently sent to the Senate. The following is an extract from a letter from President Fillmore to the Emperor of Japan.

"I send you by this letter an envoy of my own appointment, an officer of high rank in his country, who is no missionary of religion. He goes by my command to bear to you my greeting and good wishes, and to promote friendship and commerce between the two countries.

"You know that the United States of America now extend from sea to sea; that the great countries of Oregon and California are parts of the United States; and that from these countries, which are rich in gold and silver and precious stones, our steamers can reach the shores of your happy land in less than twenty days.

"Many of our ships will now pass in every year, and some, perhaps, in every week, between California and China; these ships must pass along the coast of your Empire: storms and winds may cause them to be wrecked on your shores, and we ask and expect from your friendship and your greatness, kindness for our men and protection for our property. We wish that our people may be permitted to trade with your people, but we shall not authorise them to break any law of your Empire.

"Our object is friendly commercial intercourse, and nothing more. You may have productions which we should be glad to buy, and we have productions which might suit your people. Your Empire contains a great abundance of coal; this is an article which our steamers, in going from California to China, must use. They would be glad that a harbor in your Empire should be appointed to which coal might be brought, and where they might always be able to purchase it.

"In many other respects, commerce between your Empire and our country would be useful to both. Let us consider well what new interests may arise from these recent events, which have brought our two countries so near together; and what purposes of friendly amity and intercourse this ought to inspire in the hearts of those who govern both countries."

MODERN DANIEL LAMBERTS.—John Schafer, who died a few days since in Montgomery County, N. Y., aged sixty-two years, was like one of the characters in Shakspeare "the like of whom we may not look upon again." Rev. Mr. Rinehart writes of him:

The deceased was the largest man that we ever saw. The coffin was sufficiently large to contain five men of ordinary size; measuring in width three feet four inches in the clear, and three feet in height.

Three men could have worked in it at the same time, with convenience. It required six men to take him from the bed on which he expired. This was done by raising a platform—removing the headboard of the bedstead, and taking him out endwise. They could not get the coffin into the house, but by taking out the door facing of an old vacated house that stood in the yard, they got it into that and carried the corpse thither on three empty bags. A wagon and four horses stood prepared, and ten men placed the coffin and contents upon it. In letting down the coffin into the grave, they had two lines doubled—one at each end, and one large rope in the middle; and seventeen men to let down this great sprinkle of mortality, into its last home on earth. His weight was not known.

This is sufficiently remarkable, but does not surpass a similar example, which I find in a recent Pennsylvania journal. By the names, both individuals are of German descent.

MILFORD, Pike Co., Pa., Aug. 22, 1840.

In Deed Book, No. 18, of the Records of the County, is the following, which may be of some interest to your readers. Lewis Corselius died Sept. 27, 1841. His dimensions were as follows:

	feet	in's.
Height,	6	0
Circumference at the waist,	8	2¼
" below the waist,	8	2
" arm above elbow,	2	2
" below elbow,	1	9
" at the wrist,	1	3
" of the thigh,	4	3
" of calf of the leg,	2	7
" of ankle,	1	7

Weight 745½ pounds, without any clothes.
L. F. BARNES, Dep. Recorder.

THE CHEVALIER WYKOFF.—This notorious personage, who is now in prison in Geneva, for attempting to secure a wife by abduction, is quietly at work making stockings, suspenders, and other useful articles. The King of Sardinia refuses to pardon him, or even to commute his sentence.

MRS. GOLDSCHMIDT.—The Northampton Gazette says that the object for which Jenny Lind came to this country—the establishment of free schools in Sweden—has been accomplished, and the money forwarded to her native country.

Clippings.

☞ A lady remarked to a printer the other day, that though he might print a kiss, he must never publish it.

☞ QUESTION.—I am about courting a girl I have but little acquaintance with; how shall I come to a knowledge of her faults? *Answer.*—Commend her among her female acquaintances.

☞ The Augusta (Me.) Jail for the first time, is now entirely empty.

☞ It is said that during the late fire at Chillicothe, Ohio, the Catholic Church was saved by the Rev. W. H. Beecher (Presbyterian), who was the first to ascend to the roof with a bucket of water.

☞ One of the best "hits" ever made at an impropriety in a lady's dress, was made by Talleyrand. During the revolution, when asked by a lady his opinion of her dress, he replied that "it began too late and ended too soon."

☞ Who earns not his bread but eats the bread of idleness is, so far as the original intention is concerned, leading a life of doubtful morality. A moral and intellectual being leads a life of usefulness, be he rich or poor, strong or weak—every idle member of society is either a knave or a fool.

☞ The instruments which Milton preferred as a musician, were, his biographers tell us, the organ and the bass viol. This fact seems to us to be not without its significance.—*British Quarterly Review.*

☞ One of the latest wonders in practical science, is a plan for cooling the air in dwellings in hot climates; by which persons residing in oppressively warm countries, may live habitually in an atmosphere cooled down to 60 degrees Fahrenheit, or the ordinary heat of a pleasant day. The discovery is due to Mr. C. Piazzi Smyth, astronomer-royal; if successful in practice, it will have a most important effect in extending Anglo-Saxon influence over the globe.

☞ When a man leaves off fearing God he begins to fear ghosts. Doubtful.

☞ A Welsh curate having preached several sermons which were considered superior to his own powers of composition, was asked by a friend how he managed. "I have got a volume of sermons," replied the curate, "written by Tillotson, and a very good book it is; so I translate some of the sermons into Welsh, and then back again into English, and then after that Satan himself wouldn't know them again."

☞ "Pa, will you answer me a question?" "Certainly, my boy." "Well, pa, is the world round?" "Yes, of course." "Well, then, pa, if the world is round, how can it come to an end?" "There, now—that'll do; you can run out and play."

☞ A correspondent of the Boston Post says, that at the funeral of Governor Winslow, in 1688, the expense for rum, brandy and wine was fourteen pounds, eight shillings and sixpence.

☞ A wag suggests that the only difference between the Liquor Law of Maine and that of New Hampshire is about five or six feet. The liquor of Maine being emptied on the ground, while that of New Hampshire is emptied about five or six feet above the ground.

☞ At Peoria, Illinois, on the 12th ultimo, Rev. Mr. Pierce married Mr. Henry W. *Seins* to Miss Maria Ellen *Herd*. The bride was but fifteen. This is fulfilling the juvenile adjunct, that children should be *seen* and not *heard*.

☞ In Alabama it is an indictable offence to play cards in a "public place." It has been decided in a late case, that playing in the woods, out of sight of a house, and off the road, is not a "public place."

☞ How exactly proportioned to a man's ignorance of the subject, is the noise he makes about it at a public meeting.—"*Companions of My Solitude.*"

☞ A man 80 years of age has been committed to jail at St. Louis, for threatening to kill a girl of 19, because she refused to marry him after he had made her the snug little present of $25,000.

☞ Dr. Junius Smith writes from Greenville, S. C., that he has received a fresh supply of tea-nuts from China, and expresses high satisfaction at the result of his experiments in the culture of tea in America.

☞ It is said the Newfoundland Electric Telegraph Company is organized in New York on a capital of $100,000.

"God gives us love. Something to love
He *lends* us; but when love has grown
To ripeness, that on which it throve
Falls off, and love is left alone."

☞ The story that a somewhat noted Reformer had eloped with his wife's sister is now contradicted as devoid of foundation.

The Markets.

PHILADELPHIA MARKET.

SATURDAY, April 17, 1852.

REMARKS—The market has been very quiet during the past week, partly owing to the unfavorable state of the weather on Saturday, Monday and Thursday. Cotton has been in limited request, without change in prices. Coffee has been in active demand, and prices have advanced. Sugar and Molasses have been in good request at full rates, and the stocks are materially reduced. Breadstuffs are dull, but Corn has slightly improved, in consequence of its scarcity. Provisions continue to come forward slowly, and for Sides and Shoulders higher rates have been realized. The supply of Money continues unabated, and the banks are discounting all the good short paper presented. Shipments of Cotton from the South are going forward freely, and the supply of Sterling Bills having increased, we reduce our quotations to 109a109½. The exports of specie have ceased, and it is the prevailing opinion that there will be a plethora of money for some months to come. The America's advices have had no effect upon the market, as a decline in Cotton was generally anticipated.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—The receipts of Flour during the past week have increased. The demand for shipment has been limited, and only 6,000 bbls have been disposed of, mostly good and straight brands, $4 per bbl, including some of select brands at $4,06¼a4,12½; extra at $4,50, and 500 half bbls on terms kept private. There has been a fair inquiry for city consumption at $4a4,12½ for common and good brands; and $4,18¾a4,62½ for choice lots and extra. Rye Flour and Corn Meal are dull. Sales of the former are at $3,25, which is a decline, and Corn Meal at $3,12½ per bbl.

The following are the Inspections of Flour and Corn Meal for the week ending the 15th inst:

Wheat Flour	bbls	22,660
Rye Flour	bbls	674
Corn Meal	bbls	2,803

GRAIN—The receipts of Wheat have fallen off during the past week. There has been a moderate inquiry and prices are steady. Sales of 3,200 bushels fair and prime red at 89a90c, and white at 95 cts per bushel. 3a4,000 bushels Rye sold at 72a73c. Corn—The market has been poorly supplied, and prices have advanced. Sales of 20,000 bushels yellow early in the week at 61a62c, and since at 63a64c, closing at 64cts afloat, and white at 61a63c. Oats have been in good demand. Sales of 12a15,000 bushels at 39a41c per bushel for Southern, and 40a43c for Pennsylvania.

PROVISIONS—The stock of Pork is small, and holders now demand $18,50 per barrel for Mess, and $16,50 for Prime. City packed Mess Beef is held at $15,50. Bacon—Hams range from 10½ to 12c. There has been an active demand for Sides and Shoulders, and prices have advanced. Sales of 500 casks 10½a10¾c per lb for the former, and 8¾a9 cts for the latter. Lard is held firmly; sales at 10c per lb in bbls, and 10¾ cents in kegs. Prices of Butter and Cheese are unchanged.

AMERICAN FABRICS—There is an active business going forward for the supply of the near trade, and prices are steady for most descriptions of goods.

BARK—There has been a steady demand for Quercitron Bark, and further sales of No 1 have been made at $21,25 per ton.

BEESWAX—Is scarce; sales of good yellow in lots at 26c per lb, cash.

CANDLES—The demand is limited for all descriptions. Small sales of Sperm at 42a43c; and Tallow at 9a10c per lb.

COAL—The shipments from the Lehigh Mines have not yet commenced, but the supplies are arriving freely from the Schuylkill. There is a good demand at steady prices. Sales of Allegheny Bituminous Coal at 15a18½c per bushel.

COFFEE—There has been an active demand, and prices have advanced. Sales of 5,000 bags Laguayra and Rio at 8¾a10c, some St. Domingo at 8¼, and Jamaica at 9c per lb, on time.

COPPER—Is in limited request at our former quotations.

COTTON—The demand for Cotton during the past week has been limited, as the manufacturers purchase only for the supply of their immediate wants, but the stock is materially reduced, and prices remain unchanged. The sales comprise 700 bales at 8½a8¾c per lb, on time, for Upland, and 9a9½c for Mobile and New Orleans.

The movement in Cotton since the 1st Sept. last, as compared with the previous three years, viz:

	1852.	1851.	1850.
Receipts at the ports	2,436,000	1,932,000	1,758,000
Ex'pts to G. Britain	992,000	512,000	624,000
Do to France	220,000	218,000	203,000
Do to oth. for ports	204,000	160,000	107,000
Total Exports	1,516,000	1,226,000	936,000
Stock on hand	572,000	500,000	587,000

Of which during the past week, included in the above.

	1852.	1851.	1850.
Re'pts into ports	93,000	44,000	30,000
Ex'pts to G. Br'n	61,000	35,000	32,000
Do to France	18,000	9,000	13,000
Do to other foreign ports	14,000	3,000	2,000
Total Exports	93,000	50,000	47,000

A Circular by the Canada remarks:—"I cannot refrain from calling attention to the fact that, during the past seventeen consecutive weeks, the receipts of Cotton in the ports of the United States have been on an average 100,000 bales per week; and there has been realized from this a sum exceeding $56,000,000, or over 12,000,000 pounds sterling. Another remarkable fact in connection therewith is, that during the whole of this period the price of the article has not varied more than a ⅛ or ¼c per lb."

DRUGS AND DYES—But little doing, and prices of the leading articles are unchanged.

FEATHERS—Are scarce. Small sales of good Western at 39a40c per lb, cash.

FISH—There is a fair demand for Mackerel from store at $9,75 per bbl for No 1; $8,75 for No 2; and $6,25a6,50 for large No 3. A sale of Pickled Herring at $3,75 per bbl.

FRUIT—A cargo of Messina Oranges and Lemons have been disposed of from the wharf at $1,25 to 4 per box for the former, as in quality, and $1,75 to 2,50 for the latter. Prices of Dried Apples are steady at 5½a6c per lb, and Peaches at $2,25a2,75 per bushel.

GINSENG—Is scarce; we quote Crude at 42a45c per lb.

HEMP—The market continues quiet, and no sales have transpired.

HIDES—An import of 1,000 Laguayra has arrived, which was previously disposed of on private terms.

HOPS—Are dull at 29a31c per lb for first sort.

INDIGO—Is held firmly. A sale of 15 chests Bengal on terms kept private.

IRON—The demand for Pig Metal continues limited, but prices are unchanged. Contracts for 3,500 tons No 2 Anthracite have been made for future delivery at $19 per ton, on time, and 1,000 tons of a better brand at $20. Prices of Manufactured Iron are unchanged.

LEAD—Several lots have arrived from New York to the manufacturers, but no sales have been reported.

LEATHER—Is in fair demand, without change in prices, and the stock is quite small.

LUMBER—Is arriving more freely; sales of Yellow Pine Sap Boards at $14,50a15, Susquehanna $14a15, and Hemlock at $9 per M feet, and Laths at $2,12½ per M.

MOLASSES—There has been a fair demand, and prices are steady; sales of 400 hhds at 17a18 cts for Cuba, 24a29 for Porto Rico, and 30a31c, 4 mos for New Orleans.

NAVAL STORES—Sales of 1,500 bbls Rosin at $1,25 per bbl for common, and $1,75a2,50 for Soap. A sale of Tar at $1,75, and Pitch at $1,87½ per barrel. Spirits of Turpentine is in moderate demand, and 300 bbls sold at 13a45c, on time.

OILS—Prices of all descriptions of Fish Oils tend upward. Lard Oil has been in good demand, and sales of Winter to some extent have been made at 90c. Linseed Oil is dull at 60a61c.

PLASTER—A cargo of soft has been disposed of on terms not made public.

SEEDS—Cloverseed is not inquired after. We quote at $4a4,12½ per 64 lbs. A sale of Flaxseed at $1,30 per bushel.

SPICES—The sales have been unimportant.

SPIRITS—Brandy and Gin continue in limited request, without change in prices. N. E. Rum is steady at 27c. Whiskey has advanced; sales of 1,500 bbls early in the week at 21c, and since at 22c. Hhds sell at 21a21½c.

SUGAR—There has been a good demand, and prices are steadily maintained. Sales of 1,100 hhds Cuba, New Orleans and Porto Rico at 4½a5½c per lb, on time, and 1,000 boxes Havana on terms kept private.

RICE—There has been a fair demand; sales of 250 casks at $3,50a3,62½ per 100 lbs.

SALT—An import of 9,850 bushels Turks Island sold on terms kept private.

TALLOW—Is in steady demand at 7½a8c per lb for country and city Rendered.

TEAS—Are in fair request for the supply of the trade, without change in prices.

TOBACCO—Is in limited request, and the sales of both Leaf and Manufactured are only in small lots at former rates.

WINES—A catalogue was offered by auction on Tuesday, but generally only the samples were disposed of at medium prices.

WOOL—The market is dull, and prices are in favor of buyers. The week's sales only amount to 30,000 lbs at 32a50c per lb, 6 mos.

FREIGHTS—To Liverpool are dull at 1d for Cotton; 2s for Flour; 7d for Grain, and 27a27s 6d for Heavy Goods. Colliers are in demand at 90c to New York; $1,25 to Rhode Island, and $1,50 to Boston.—*Inquirer.*

CATTLE MARKETS.

PHILADELPHIA, April 19.—The offerings of Beef Cattle for the week were about 1,200 head. Beeves are selling from $7,00 to 8,00 per 100 lbs. Hogs—About 500 head in market, and sold from $7,50 to 8,00 per 100 lbs. Cows—About 100 in market, and sold at prices ranging from $13 to 36. Sheep and Lambs—The former from $3,50 to 5; the latter from $2,00 to 4, according to quality.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, APRIL 24, 1852.

SATURDAY EVENING POST
STEAM-POWER BOOK AND JOB PRINTING OFFICE,
No. 66 South Third Street, Phila.,
Where Books, Pamphlets, Hand Bills, Way Bills, Circulars, Bill Heads, Cards, Labels, &c., &c., are printed with despatch, in the neatest manner, and on the most reasonable terms.
DEACON & PETERSON, Proprietors.

OUR NOVELETS.

After the novelet now in process of publication,

VIOLA; OR, ADVENTURES IN THE FAR SOUTH-WEST,

BY EMERSON BENNETT,

we shall commence Mr. T. S. Arthur's original novelet—written expressly for the Post—called

TRIAL AND TRIUMPH,

which will be distinguished by the peculiar characteristics of that gentleman's pen.

After these are gone through, we shall be mistaken if our readers are not again ready for a new work by Mrs. Southworth, entitled

THE CURSE OF CLIFTON;

A TALE OF EXPIATION AND REDEMPTION.

What will come in the way of fiction after the above, we have not yet determined. We think the novelets mentioned a sufficiently rich bill of fare for the present.

In addition to the above works of fiction, we shall not neglect the usual assortment of Miscellaneous matter—composed in a great degree of the CHOICEST ARTICLES that appear in the ENGLISH PERIODICALS, together with the CREAM OF NEW WORKS, ORIGINAL LECTURES, GENERAL NEWS, &c., &c.,—hesitating at no reasonable expense to add to the variety and interest of our columns, and make them worthy of a first class paper, and of our great circulation.

And in view of our efforts for the entertainment and instruction of our readers, may we not expect a continuance of the good feeling and friendly interest heretofore shown in our behalf, and expressed not only by words, but in efforts to extend the circulation of the Post. Our terms are very moderate—as moderate in fact as a first class paper can be maintained upon.—We might, we grant, take our inside matter at second-hand, and half-price, from some daily paper; or procure our stories for nothing, from unknown, namby-pamby writers with sentimental names, instead of enlisting such writers as Mrs. Southworth, Mrs. Lee Hentz, Mr. Bennett, &c., &c.; but we are thankful we are not compelled to pursue such a suicidal course. Our plan is to pay liberally, and make a first class paper, knowing that the public fully understand that a poor paper is not worth the sheet it is printed upon, and is therefore dear at any price.

From Washington.

CONGRESSIONAL NEWS.

SENATE.

On the 12th, the Chair laid before the Senate a message from the President, enclosing a Report from the Secretary of State, in reply to a resolution of the Senate, transmitting copies of all papers on file in that Department relating to Japan.

Mr. Underwood corrected a report of his remarks on Friday, in which he was represented as saying that Kossuth was a humbug, when, in fact, he meant that the sympathizers who granted material aid were the humbugs.

Mr. Clarke made a personal explanation of a motion he had made some ten days ago, under a mistake.

Mr. Dawson presented a petition from Harris Co., Georgia, calling the attention of Congress to the enormous expenditures of the Government, and, as one step towards arresting such lavish expenditures, protesting against granting any additional aid to the Collins line of steamships, if the object be to enter into a mere contest with Great Britain, to display finery and gewgaw fancies.

Mr. Borland said that it was known to the Senate already that the Committee on Printing had recently taken certain action with regard to the public printing, but he felt it his duty to report to the Senate formally what had been done. The Joint Committee had adopted the following resolution:

Resolved, That the Committee enter into a contract with Donelson & Armstrong, to do so much of the printing ordered by the House of Representatives, for the present Congress, as may be necessary to remedy any neglect or delay of the contractor, A. Boyd Hamilton, to execute the work ordered by this Congress; and, also, with Messrs. Gideon & Co., to do so much of the printing ordered by the Senate as may be necessary for the like purpose. Said contract to be upon such terms as is contained in Mr. Rives's bid for the printing of the 32d Congress, provided, that in no case shall pay be allowed for double composition.

Mr. Borland said he never doubted but the Committee had power to do what had been done, but [illegible]

[illegible]

Mr. Dawson said that this bill established a new principle, the unconditional surrender of the public lands to the States in which they lie. Its passage would lead to others of a similar character. He preferred a graduation of the price of the lands to this bill. If the lands were worth fifty cents an acre, that fifty cents ought to be paid to the United States. If we give Ohio these remaining lands, Indiana will ask the same. Michigan, too, next year, will make a similar demand, and that demand will be made perhaps under the favorable auspices of one of her citizens filling the Executive chair. Illinois, too, may present her claims for the same grant, under similar auspices, and the same might be said of Alabama.

Mr. Chase said the precedent had already been set. The public lands remaining in Tennessee, unsold in 1840, were granted to that State.

Mr. Dawson said that was true, but the lands granted to Tennessee had been long in the market at twenty-five cents an acre, and were at last given to the State for educational purposes.

Mr. Davis said that in 1840 there were over 800,000 acres of land in Ohio unsold. The balance unsold now was said to be 216,000. If this were so, it would appear that they were valuable enough to be sold very rapidly.

The bill was ordered to be engrossed—yeas 28, nays 13—as follows:

Yeas—Messrs. Adams, Atchison, Borland, Cass, Clemens, Dodge, (of Wisconsin,) Dodge, (of Iowa,) Douglass, Downs, Felch, Geyer, Gwin, Hale, Hamlin, James, Jones, (of Iowa,) King, Mallory, Rusk, Sebastian, Seward, Shields, Smith, Stockton, Sumner, Wade, Walker.

Nays—Messrs. Badger, Berrien, Bradbury, Brodhead, Clarke, Davis, Dawson, Hunter, Mangum, Norris, Spruance, Underwood, Upham.

The French Spoliation Bill was then taken up.

Mr. Felch resumed and concluded his speech against the bill. Adjourned.

On the 13th, Mr. Cooper presented the petition of the Printers' Union of Philadelphia in favor of a Government printing establishment. Also, numerous petitions in favor of a modification of the Tariff; also, against the destruction of the Wheeling Bridge, &c.

Mr. Jones presented the petition of an aged lady in Kentucky, complaining of the action of Texas with regard to her debt.

Mr. Mangum then addressed the Senate in explanation of his personal position in regard to the Presidential election, and in explanation of the reasons why he differed from the people of his State, they preferring the present President, and he another individual, Winfield Scott. He said he thought that in the burning focus of intrigue here in Washington, as much had been done to promote agitation as had ever been done by the Abolitionists of the North, or the disunionists of another section. He had no sympathy in any such agitation. But there was, he thought, one man who could present as clean a bill of health in this respect as any other. That man was Winfield Scott. He was his first choice, and if he is the nominee, he had no fear of the result. He knew how difficult it would be for him, powerless, without patronage, without official influence, to get the nomination against the power of an administration which wielded in its support a hundred thousand office-holders and their friends and dependents, amounting perhaps to half a million of persons. He knew, if the Administration should unscrupulously use this power, it would be almost impossible for General Scott to obtain the nomination. He thought the Administration had a right to expect from him the declaration that he never could suppose the President would use this power unscrupulously; but he could not say so much for the disposition of some of its friends. On the question of reopening agitation, he desired to express his conviction, he might almost say his knowledge, that Gen. Scott can present to the country as clean a bill of health as could either the President, Mr. Webster, or even Mr. Clay. He could say that during the pendency of the Compromise Bills, and so on after their passage, when men stood in fear and trembling how to proceed, Gen. Scott stood forth unflinchingly, and urged their passage, and gave them his support. He was not prepared to say that Gen. Scott approved of everything in those acts—very far from it. There was not a member of the National Legislature who approved of them in all their details. He himself did not approve of everything contained in them; and in this Gen. Scott accords more with his opinion on those bills than any other man. General Scott was rational in all his feelings. He desired to see no triumph by the North or the South over each other. But it was said there must be a new platform, and that this Compromise should be made a part of it. This he opposed. Those acts were passed by a small majority of Southern Whigs and Democrats, and a minority of both at the North. He saw no reason for this course. There was no territory to be acquired upon which agitation could be renewed. There was another circumstance which induced him to prefer the individual he had named to all others who had been spoken of as the Whig candidate. This was availability. Gen. Scott was, in his opinion, which had been unwaveringly fixed for more than a year and a half, the only Whig in the country who could be elected President of the United States by the suffrages of the people. He admitted that General Scott's prospects had been somewhat crippled and damaged by the supporters of the President, and they had endeavored to ally him with the Free Soilers and Abolitionists. There was no Free Soiler in this country who could calculate upon General Scott as an instrument to be used in his hands. He could never be made the instrument of faction, either North or South.

Mr. Dawson said that he would not support any man, nor act with any party who will not declare, in terms not to be mistaken, a determination to adhere firmly to the finality of the Compromise. The South has a right to know of the North whether there is to be quiet or not.

Mr. Gwin said, as the Senator from North Carolina says General Scott can produce as clean a bill of fare (laughter)—of health—as the President, I want to know if he can say by authority that General Scott is in favor of the Fugitive Slave Law, and will he execute it, if President, as Mr. Fillmore has done? Will he preserve it, as passed, without modification or repeal?

Mr. Mangum said he had had no conversation with General Scott since the time when the omnibus was pending. General Scott then supported the Compromise. He would not go about to ask a letter from the gentleman. The experience of the Kane letter should satisfy the Whig party that no such means should be resorted to.

Mr. Gwin said the answer was as he had expected. The Senator had no authority from General Scott to say he would execute the Fugitive Slave Law, in the same manner as President Fillmore had done, nor that he would oppose its repeal or modification.

Mr. Mangum said that no President could then be elected unless some perjured wretch, who would not support all the laws of the United States. If he were to obtain such a pledge from General Scott as the gentleman required, would the Senator vote for him? He knew the Senator would not, nor would any of his party; and they ought not to concern themselves so much in matters which did not concern them.

Mr. Gwin said that if the nominee of the Democratic Convention should refuse to pledge himself in writing to execute the Fugitive Slave Law, he would not vote for him. Here the subject was dropped.

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HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

[illegible]

POLITICAL NEWS.

GEN. SCOTT.—The probability that General Scott will be the Whig candidate for the Presidency, is now considered very great—as the heaviest Whig States have declared for him. The opposition to him being strongest in those States which the Whig party could not carry under any probable circumstances.

TEMPERANCE MOVEMENT.—The advocates of the Maine Law in this city, are passing resolutions calling upon all political parties to nominate for executive and legislative offices, only such persons as are known to be in favor of a prohibitory law, and in case of such parties neglecting to do so, they say they will make independent nominations.

MASSACHUSETTS.—The House of Delegates has passed the Maine Liquor bill by a majority of 93. The provisions referring the subject to a vote of the people and allowing the sale of liquors for sacramental purposes, were stricken out, so that the bill went back to the Senate with those amendments.

The Senate, by a vote of 20 to 14, refused to concur in the amendment made to the prohibitory liquor bill in the House, by striking out the provision for submitting it to the people.

MR. WEBSTER ON THE FUGITIVE SLAVE LAW.—Daniel Webster, in answer to a letter from G. A. Tavenner, of Alexandria, Va., reaffirms his determination to uphold all the Compromise Measures, particularly the Fugitive Slave Law, which he believes to be "entirely constitutional, highly proper, and absolutely essential to the peace of the country."

FREE SOIL CONVENTION.—The Free Soilers of Indiana are to hold a State Convention at Indianapolis on the 17th of May next.

PENNSYLVANIA.—The Congressional Apportionment Bill passed the Senate finally, with amendments, by a strict party vote, with the exception of Mr. Fraley, Democrat, and Mr. Hamilton, Native, who voted with the Whigs.—The vote stood yeas 18, nays 15.

In the House, Mr. O'Neill has introduced a restrictive bill to regulate the manner of granting licenses for taverns and places of public resort in the city and county of Philadelphia, and repealing the act of changing the mode of granting tavern licenses in the city and county of Philadelphia, passed in 1849.

RIGHT.—Three amendments to the Constitution of the State of New Hampshire—one of them abolishing the old section which excluded the Roman Catholics from office—have all been ratified by the people by decisive majorities.

OHIO.—Without an exception, the District Conventions held throughout this State, have elected delegates to the National Whig Convention, pledged to the support of Gen. Scott for the Presidency.

VIRGINIA.—The Whig Convention adopted resolutions endorsing Mr. Fillmore as their first choice, though asserting their willingness to support any nominee of the National Convention who adheres to the Compromise as a final settlement.

The resolutions also urge a moderate tariff, moderate expenditures for river and harbor improvements, non-intervention, &c.

General News.

[illegible]

Local News.

EXTENSIVE IMPROVEMENT.—Within the past few months, such extensive improvements have been made about the Spring Garden Stove and Hollow-Ware Foundry, Willow Street, above Thirteenth, as to make them the largest and most complete iron establishments of the kind in this vicinity. With the additions, the works have a front on Willow Street, 248 feet in length, extending back to Pleasant Street, and with the area in the centre, occupy over an acre of ground. There are two moulding-rooms, the main measuring 100 feet by 115 feet, and the adjoining room, North, 20 by 40 feet; the store-room for the hollow-ware is 120 feet by 25 feet; the stove ware-room, 40 by 100, and the finishing-shop, 125 by 25 feet. Each compartment is in a separate building, one, two and three stories in height, besides which, there are the carpenter, blacksmith, pattern, machine, and other shops connected with the premises.

In this large establishment Messrs. W. P. Cresson & Co. employ 168 workmen in the different branches of their business, which is a large accession since the works were enlarged. The Tinned Hollow-Ware manufactured, is a curiosity, rendered the more so, doubtless, from the fact that this is the only place where it is made in the country, and that American genius and enterprise have been made to equal, if not surpass, in this particular, the Tinned Hollow-Ware until recently exclusively imported from Europe. The various ramifications of the foundry and other parts of the business are interesting to witness. In addition to the above, and to the ordinary manufactured articles of foundries, hardware in different varieties is made, with a degree of neatness, beauty, and durability that will compete with the best English manufacture.

CHESNUT HILL RAILROAD.—We are pleased to learn, that Messrs. Sydney & Neil, having undertaken the entire building of this road, operations will be forthwith commenced and prosecuted vigorously. The company is now about fencing in the road, and will have it completed in a few weeks. The arrangement of damages is nearly complete, there being but three or four unadjusted claims.

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the last week in this city was 220—Adults 98, and children 122.

ALMANAC.

April, 1852.	SUN RISES	SUN SETS	HIGH WATER	MOON'S PHASES.
24 Saturday,	5 14	6 46	6 0	
25 Sunday,	5 13	6 47	6 55	
26 Monday,	5 12	6 48	7 48	
27 Tuesday,	5 11	6 49	8 42	D. H. M.
28 Wedn'day,	5 10	6 50	9 37	Full 4 9 4
29 Thursday,	5 9	6 51	10 30	Last 11 3 39
30 Friday,	5 7	6 53	11 23	New 19 6 25
1 Saturday,	5 6	6 54	12 18	First 27 2 43

STATE OF THE THERMOMETER.

	9 o'clock.	12 o'clock.	3 o'clock.
April 11	44	45	50
12	45	49	48
13	46	52	59
14	46	53	63
15	49	51	54
16	50	58	64
17	52	62	62

Marriages.

[illegible]

Deaths.

[illegible]

THE STOCK MARKET.

[illegible]

Bank Note List.

[illegible]

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

[illegible]

TRAVELLING AGENTS.

[illegible]

SHEPHERD'S CLOTHING STORE,

CHESNUT STREET, SECOND DOOR ABOVE THIRD.

This Establishment is Celebrated for the Elegant Cut, Fineness of Quality, and very Low Prices of

GENTLEMEN'S CLOTHING.

$200,000 WORTH, OF THE NEWEST STYLES.

COATS,	$5 00 TO $18
VESTS,	2 00 " 4
PANTALOONS,	2 50 " 8

WE STUDY TO PLEASE.
jan14-1y

A GREAT WORK.

IMPORTANT TO HEADS OF FAMILIES, TEACHERS, AND ALL OTHERS INTERESTED IN THE INSTRUCTION OF THE YOUNG.
Recently Published,

PETERSON'S FAMILIAR SCIENCE;
Or, The Scientific Explanation of Common Things.
Edited by R. E. PETERSON, Member of the Academy of Natural Sciences, Philadelphia.

"No science is more generally interesting than that which explains the common phenomena of life. We see that salt and snow are both white, a rose red, leaves green, and the violet a deep purple; but how few persons ever ask the reason why! We know that a flute produces a musical sound, and a cracked bell a discordant one—that fire is hot, ice cold, and a candle luminous—that water boils when subjected to heat, and freezes from cold; but when a child looks up into our face and asks us 'why'—how many times is it silenced with a frown or called 'very foolish for asking such silly questions'!"

This book, intended for the use of families and schools, explains about two thousand of these questions, and is written in language so plain as to be understood by all.

About 10,000 copies have been sold in a few months. It is introduced in the Public and Private Schools of Philadelphia, Cincinnati, New Orleans and New York. The work is handsomely published in 1 vol. 12mo., 558 pages, sheep binding.

Persons, throughout the Union, by remitting $1, to the publishers, will have a copy sent to them by mail, free of postage. Address,
ROBERT E. PETERSON & Co.,
5th and Arch Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.
Don't fail to order a copy of this work. ap17-4t
This is a very popular book for agents to sell.

CHILDREN: Their Hydropathic Management in Health and Disease. A descriptive and practical work, designated as a guide for families and physicians. [illegible]

CORNELIUS, BAKER & CO.,
MANUFACTURERS OF
LAMPS, CHANDELIERS, GAS FIXTURES, &c.
STORE No. 176 CHESNUT ST.
Manufactory No. 181 Cherry St.,
mar27-1y PHILADELPHIA.

TO PERSONS OUT OF EMPLOYMENT.
AMERICAN GIFT BOOKS,
FOR 1852!
To Clergymen, Post Masters, Teachers of Sabbath Schools, Book Agents, Students, and Heads of Families.

EMPLOYMENT.

SEARS' AMERICAN PICTORIAL BOOK ESTABLISHMENT removed to 181 WILLIAM Street, (near Spruce,) New York.

BOOK AGENTS WANTED.

The subscriber publishes a large number of most valuable books, very popular, and of such a moral and religious influence, that while good men may safely engage in their circulation, they will confer a public benefit, and receive a fair compensation for their labor.

To young men of enterprise and tact, this business offers an opportunity for profitable employment seldom to be met with. There is not a town in the Union where a right honest and well-disposed person can fail selling from 50 to 200 Volumes, according to the population.

JUST PUBLISHED,
AN IMPORTANT NATIONAL WORK!
A New and Revised Edition of our
PICTORIAL DESCRIPTION OF THE UNITED STATES,
for 1852, enlarged and improved, corrected by the last census, with full descriptions and illustrations of the GOLD REGIONS, &c., &c.; 700 pages, large octavo.
PICTORIAL DESCRIPTION OF CHINA AND INDIA, 600 pages; and THRILLING INCIDENTS OF THE WARS OF THE UNITED STATES, 600 pp. Retail price $2,50 per volume.

[illegible]

BOOK AGENTS WANTED!

[illegible]

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

[illegible]

Selected Poetry.

LITTLE THINGS.

BY FRANCES D. GAGE.

Oh! mother, get my bonnet, do,
 I want to go and play;
And hurry, mother, tie my shoe,
 Or sis will run away.

Oh! mother, do untie this string,
 It is a hateful knot;
And tell me where I put my sling—
 I really have forgot.

Mother, see here, my dress is loose,
 I wish you'd hook it up;
Oh, dear! I want a drink so bad;
 Ma, take me down the cup.

Mother, I want a long, strong string,
 To make my kite fly high;
Give me more paper for the tail,
 I'll make it reach the sky.

I've cut my finger, mother—oh!
 Do tie a rag upon it;
And, mother, here—do sew this string
 Again upon my bonnet.

And, mother, sew this button on
 My pants—see how they look;
And, mother, stick these leaves again
 Into my spelling-book.

Oh! mother, mother, comb my hair
 And wash my face right clean;
We girls are all a-going to walk
 To-night upon the green.

To-night, just after school, you know—
 The mistress said we might,
And, mother, I must have some cakes,
 And cheese, to fix things right.

Oh! mother, pick these stitches up—
 I've dropped a half a score—
And see, there's one all ravell'd down
 A dozen rounds or more.

Mother, where is my jumping-rope?
 Mother, where is my hat?
Mother, come help me build my house.
 Mother, John plagues my cat.

Thus, hour by hour and day by day,
 These little things intrude,
Till many a mother's anxious heart
 Is weary and subdued.

And to her ever-troubled ear
 The sacred name of mother,
By being ever dwelt upon,
 Sounds worse than any other.

But let each mother pause and think
 How much she has at stake;
How many thousand tiny drops
 It takes to fill a lake.

Remembering that her noisy boy
 A statesman bold may be;
And, strong in truth and right, may teach
 A nation to be free.

With growing words of eloquence
 Maintain Jehovah's plan,
Till vice shall hide its head for shame,
 And nations bless the man.

Or, when her head is growing gray,
 That daughter, kind and true,
With feeling heart and ready hand
 Her "little things" will do.

Let these reflections nerve and cheer
 Each weary, fainting one,
With patient hope to do her work,
 Till all her work is done.

For not on earth can there be found,
 Through all life's varied plan,
A nobler, greater work than hers,
 Who rears an honest man.

Selected Sketch.

WASHINGTON'S CHARACTER FOR INDUSTRY, &c.

In 1776, Washington had been in command of the army about one year, and was then forty-four years old. In April of that year, he applied to Congress, asking them to increase the rank and pay of the gentlemen composing his military family. He remarked that his aids-de-camp must be men of the highest abilities, who could execute his orders with the utmost promptitude and dispatch. He adds:—

"I give in to no kind of amusements myself, and consequently no one about me can have any. They can have no hours for recreation; keep my hand, there is business enough to due to these gentlemen to say, that I am indebted to their zeal for the cause for undergoing the severe labor and confinement imposed upon them, since they entered my family."

It is remarkable to look back and see what constant trouble Washington had, to induce men to accept office under him—more men refused to take office under Washington, five times told, than have ever refused under all the the Presidents from the elder Adams to the present day—while in the army, he had the greatest difficulty in getting men for Brigadiers and Major Generals—while President, he was often obliged to offer a vacancy in his cabinet to some four or five, before any one would accept. He would select only from among the choicest men in the land—many of whom could command their own positions in their own State—and others would not venture to hazard their reputations, fearing that should they displease Washington, their own standing might irretrievably suffer. No man, probably, ever had such extraordinary method—during all his trials in the Revolution, every week his overseers upon his plantations wrote him long letters, generally several pages, giving him an account of the weather, the work in the fields, the crops, &c., in such detail that he could determine almost as well how his work went on as if he had been present. These letters were all in detail answered, with inquiries, suggestions, &c., &c.

During the latter part of the war, Washington had become so reserved in his intercourse, even with those with whom he was upon the most familiar terms, that many of his friends took exceptions, and particularly members of Congress. This feeling so increased, that at last it was mentioned by several members in debate in Congress, with an air of complaint, that Washington had ceased to communicate. Col. Hamilton, who had left the army for a short period, and had been elected from New York, rose and said in substance:

"That gentlemen must remember, that during Washington's command he had been so situated that he must keep his own secrets, and that the success of the cause might in a great degree be attributed to his very reserve. That long habit of necessity could not be changed—his own confidential officers had felt and could readily excuse it. He instanced the surprising manner in which Washington had concealed his deficiency of powder, and the dissolution of one army and recruiting another, in presence of a superior enemy, when holding the British in Boston. Even his confidential officers did not know the extent of his distress."

This open and frank explanation appeared to satisfy the public mind that Washington intended no disrespect—and his popularity remained undisturbed till he was called upon to decide in relation to Jay's treaty. This shook the Government to the very foundation.

When Mr. Jay returned from London he landed at Coffee-House Slip, in this city. The French party, who objected to the treaty, ranged one side of Wall Street, and the English party on the other. As Mr. Jay walked up, approbation and disapprobation were freely expressed, till the excitement became very serious. Col. Hamilton undertook to address the people, but could not quiet them, and he was obliged to retreat from the crowd. No public measure was ever more generally and severely denounced before its ratification, than this Jay's treaty, and none, even in its practical results, ever gave more universal satisfaction—unless it may be the Sub-Treasury, which, in our own day, has passed through an ordeal equal to it, and with practical results equally satisfactory.

No event more severely tried the feelings of Washington, than during the period after he was elected Lieutenant-General, about two years before his death. As soon as war with France appeared inevitable, and just as Congress was about adjourning, the elder Adams, without any consultation with Washington, nominated him as the Commander-in-Chief of all the forces to be raised, &c. The Secretary of War was sent off to Mount Vernon with the commission, unanimously confirmed by the Senate, to ask his acceptance of it.

Washington again consented to take command of the army, but conditioned that he should be consulted in the appointment of his general officers, which were as follows: First, Major-General Hamilton; second, Pinckney; third, Knox. Mr. Adams, without consulting Washington, changed the order of these three Major-Generals, and went so far as to appoint the Inspector-General. Upon this, Washington took decided ground with the President, and resolved that the public should decide the issue between them, unless Mr. Adams would yield, which he at length concluded to do.

General Knox became much offended that Hamilton should have been placed over him, and finally refused to serve on that account. Gen. Pinckney, on the other hand, volunteered to serve under Knox, or in any way he could be useful.

Washington had now reached the age of sixty-seven, and felt that all earthly honors had ceased to have the least charm for him. He was ready and willing to die. He had found, like other men, that the world is full of trials, and that if rest and happiness were to be found, it must be on the other side of the grave. At Mount Vernon a short time since, as I gazed upon the piazza where he was accustomed to walk for hours in the evening for exercise, I wanted the powers of imagination to realize how rich must have been his reflections. His country saved! No ambition ungratified! The world venerating his name! His example to be the model for ages to come! His worldly affairs all posted up, and he able to exclaim to his medical friends—"I am dying, gentlemen, but, thank God, I don't fear death."

The eyes of Washington were closed under a political cloud, as war with France appeared certain and imminent. He had been, under a unanimous call, induced to accept the commission of Lieutenant General, and at the time of his death, was again in readiness to take the field. His death was announced throughout the land—"Washington is dead!" His name alone appeared to strike every title dead; and the grief was universal, without distinction of party, rank, or age.

No address ever presented to Washington so deeply affected him as that from the citizens of Alexandria, on his leaving Mount Vernon to assume the Presidency. It is known that his whole journey was made amid the ringing of bells, and the blaze of cannon, all of which produced upon him severe depression, as in his diary he records his distrust of himself to meet the high expectations of his country.

After leaving his own house, his neighbors from Alexandria met him on the road and delivered an address, of which the following is extracted. In this procession, Washington could discover the friends of his early youth, including those on whom he had conferred command, on account of their known merit when his school-fellows, and others who had seen him forty years before, leaving his home to join Braddock as an Aid-de-camp. Said the address:—

"Your country again commands your care; not to extol your glory as a soldier, nor to pour forth our gratitude for past service—not to acknowledge the justice of the unexampled honor which three millions of people have gratefully bestowed upon you in your election to the Presidency—not to admire your patriotism, or your friends and neighbors now address you. Themes less splendid, but more endearing, impress our minds. The first and best of citizens must leave us; our aged must lose their ornament; our youth their model; our agriculture its improver; our commerce its friend; our infant academy its protector; our poor their benefactor. Farewell! go and make happy a grateful people, who will be doubly grateful when they contemplate this last great sacrifice for their good."

There is much in and around Alexandria to remind one of Washington. There is the church he regularly attended. The Washington pew, in which he was to be seen as a warden, vestryman, &c. In a private museum in that city is to be seen the cambric shirt, enclosed in glass, in which, when an infant, he was baptized—and a rude pack-saddle, used by him in Braddock's army—and the identical flag, made of the thickest double crimson and scarlet silk, under which the Hessians surrendered. This flag is probably 70 by 45 inches, and splendid in all its finish. Enclosed in a glass case is the original letter from Washington, after his retirement from the army, to a Committee of the managers of the dancing assemblies held in Alexandria during the Winter, in reply to their invitation for Mrs. Washington and himself to attend. He declines, as their dancing days are over, but refers to an early period of his life when those amusements gave him pleasure. There are many other small matters cherished with great care, giving evidence that everything relating to him is sacredly preserved by his neighbors.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

"ONE IDEA"—MARY LYON.

"Professor B—— often laughs at me," said an eminent man of science once, "because I have but *one idea*. He reads everything, and talks about everything, but I have learned that, if I ever make a breach, I must aim my guns continually at one point."

And he gained his reward. He gave his days and nights to physical science. When he was an obscure country boy, he pored over Chapman's *Journal* by the light of a pine knot fire in a log cabin. A few years later he was dining with English Dukes and Earls, and received as one of the "lions" at the British Association for the advancement of science.

He is now at the head of a great scientific institution, and his name is a part of our national jewelry.

His history is substantially the history of nearly every person who has *made his mark* on the time in which he lived. Those who have filled the largest space in the eyes of the world, and who have achieved the most signal results, have been actuated by some master feeling; and this passion of the soul has subordinated everything else to itself. Their capacious souls contained many ideas, but a single aim directed, and employed and animated all.

Kossuth is a man of "*one idea*." He lives, and dreams, and thinks, and speaks for Hungary and her rights. This is the secret of his eloquence.

He converts others to his views, because he has so fully converted himself.

He kindles others by the intense blaze of his own enthusiasm. So did Peter the hermit.—So did Martin Luther.

Wilberforce aroused the English Parliament and nation to deeds of philanthropy, by standing up for thirty long years, a sublime and undaunted witness against the bloody wrongs of Africa. These men played their artillery upon one given point until they made the breach.

We have a beautiful illustration of the power of one mind when directed to a single object, in the history of Mary Lyon, a woman who belongs pre-eminently to us as an American heroine. New England has produced a host of noble women, and many of her daughters have done virtuously," but it is too much to say of the brave hearted Ipswich teacher—"*Thou excellest them all.*" Other women have written tasteful poems, and graceful sketches, and useful essays, but of her it may be said that her "life was an epic."

Do not sneer at this, gentle reader! A woman who studied eighteen hours out of the twenty-four, in order to fit herself for the noble station of teacher—who gave her whole self to the grand enterprise of founding an institution equal to the educational wants of her sex—who begged for that institution from door to door, who wrapped herself in a buffalo robe and rode through a freezing winter night to consult distant friends in regard to it—who refused tempting offers of marriage in order to live singly for her great work—and who at last moulded and controlled with consummate wisdom the long-toiled-for Seminary—that woman was a heroine. And she gained her reward.

She was richly rewarded during her eventful life, and every year will add another polished stone to her ever-rising monument. Under her vigilant eye, and patient care, three thousand young women were educated, and in the best sense of that much abused word. They were taught to live, to act, and to suffer. They were taught self-government and self-denial.

* * * * * *

The last instructions which she ever gave her scholars at Mount Holyoke contained this characteristic sentence:—"There is nothing in the universe that I fear but that I shall not know all my duty, or shall fail to do it."

Such a woman leaves behind her something more than a marble tomb, no son or daughter may attend her remains to their last resting place, but her "*works do follow her*." They make up the invisible, never-ending procession through many coming generations, and shall greet her at the threshold of her heaven of rest.—*Presbyterian Magazine.*

Business Qualities of Professional Men.—Generally speaking, philosophers, artists, &c., are notoriously deficient in business qualities. The very elevation of mind, consequent from their pursuits, tending to render them indifferent to the small and selfish view of things, of which business takes, often consists. As an illustration of this, the following good story is told of Sir Isaac Newton. A learned foreigner had invented a mathematical instrument, of which the great Newton entertained a high opinion, and saw the value of it in astronomy. The Royal Society received one as a present, and Sir Isaac, hearing of its arrival, hurried down to the custom house to secure it and take it away. The duty was to be paid *ad valorem*. The President of the Royal Society being asked its value, labored hard to impress the custom house officers with the fact that its value was "immense," and it was worth "absolutely incalculable." Upon this, they charged him a good round price—in fact, a good deal more than the Society thought the thing was worth. However, the duty was paid; but the Royal Society took pretty good care that the great calculator should never after transact their custom house business.

HOME EMBELLISHMENTS.

FROM ALLEN'S "RURAL ARCHITECTURE."

A discussion of the objects by way of embellishment, which may be required to give character and effect to a country residence, would embrace a range too wide, in all its parts, for a simply practical treatise like this; and general hints on the subject are all indeed, that will be required, as no specific rules or directions can be given which would be applicable, indiscriminately, to guide the builder in the execution of his work. A dwelling house, no matter what the style, standing alone, either on hill or plain, apart from other objects, would hardly be an attractive sight. As a mere representation of a particular style of architecture, or as a model of imitation, it might excite our admiration, but it would not be an object on which the eye and the imagination could repose with satisfaction. It would be incomplete unless accompanied by such associates as the eye is accustomed to embrace in the full gratification of the sensations which that organ is the conductor. But as sensible around that dwelling subordinate structures, trees, and shrubbery properly disposed, and it becomes an object of exceeding interest and pleasure in the contemplation. It is thence, that the particular style or outward arrangement of the house is but a part of what should constitute the general effect, and such style is to be consulted only so far as it may in itself please the taste, and give beauty or utility in the purposes for which it is intended. Still, the architectural design should be in harmony with the features of the surrounding scenery, and is thus important in completing the effect sought, and which cannot be accomplished without it.

A farm with its buildings, or a simple country residence with the grounds which enclose it, or a cottage with its door-yard and garden, should be finished sections of the landscape of which it forms a part, or attractive points within it; and of consequence, complete each within itself, and not dependent upon distant accessories to support it—an *imperium in imperio*, in classic phrase. A tower, a monument, a steeple, or the indistinct outline of a distant town may form a striking feature in a pictorial design and the associations connected with them, or, the character in which they are contemplated may allow them to stand naked and unadorned by other objects, and still permit them to fill up in perfect harmony the picture. This idea will illustrate the importance of embellishment, not only in the substitution of trees as necessary appendages to a complete rural establishment, but in the erection of all the buildings necessary for occupation in any manner, in farm and position, to give effect from any point of view in which the homestead may be seen. General appearance should not be confined to one quarter alone, but the house and its surroundings on every side should show completeness in design and harmony in execution; and although humble, and devoted to the meanest purposes, a portion of these erections may be, yet the character of utility or necessity which they maintain, gives them an air of dignity, if not of grace. Thus, a house and out-buildings flanked with orchards, or a wood, on which they apparently fall back for support, fills the eye at once with not only a beautiful group in themselves combined, but associate the idea of repose, of comfort, and abundance—indispensable requisites in a perfect farm residence. They also seem to connect the house and out-buildings with the fields beyond, which are of necessity naked of trees, and gradually spread the view abroad over the farm until it mingles with, or is lost in the general landscape.

These remarks may seem too refined, and as out of place here, and trenching upon the subject of Landscape Gardening, which is not designed to be a part, or but an incidental one of the present work, yet they are important in connection with the subject under discussion. The proper disposition of trees and shrubbery around, or in the vicinity of buildings is far too little understood, although trees planting about our dwellings is a practice pretty general throughout our country. Nothing is more common than to see a man build a house, perhaps in most elaborate and expensive style, and then plant a row of trees close upon the front, which when grown will shut it almost entirely out of view; while he leaves the rear as bald and unprotected as if it were a barn or a horse-shed—as if in utter ignorance, as he probably is, that his house is more effectively set off by a *flanking* and *background* of trees and shrubbery, than in front. And this is called good taste! Let not examine the shade; trees grown dwelling are desirable for shade; but they do not afford except in masses, which last is always better given to the house within touching distance of a house, trees create dampness, more or less litter, and frequently vermin. They injure the walls and roof, by their continual shade and dampness. They exclude the rays of the sun, and prevent a free circulation of air. Therefore, close to the house, trees are absolutely pernicious, in the way of excluding all its architectural effect from observation; when, if planted at some distance, they compose its finest ornaments.

If it be necessary to build in good taste at all, it is quite as necessary that such good taste be put in view throughout. A country dwelling should always be a conspicuous object in its full character and outline, from one or more prominent points of observation; consequently all plantations of trees or shrubbery in its immediate vicinity should be considered as aids to show off the house and its appendages, instead of becoming the principal objects of attraction in themselves. Their disposition should be such as to create a perfect and agreeable whole, when seen in connection with the house itself. They should also be so placed as to open the surrounding landscape to view in the most attractive manner, from the various parts of the dwelling. Much in the effective disposition of trees around the dwelling will thus depend upon the character of the country soon found it, and which should control to a great extent their position. A single tree, of grand and stately dimensions, will frequently give greater effect than the most studied plantations. A ledge of rock, in the clefts of which wild vines may nestle, or around which a mass of shrubbery may cluster, will add a charm to the dwelling which an elaborate cultivation could fail to bestow; and the most negligent apparel of nature in a thousand ways may give character which we might strive in vain to accomplish by our own invention. In the efforts to embellish our dwellings or grounds, the strong natural objects with which they are associated should be consulted, always keeping in view an expression of the chief character to which the whole is applied.

DUTY.

BY M. A. H.

"No matter where," (if duty calls thee, go!
 Amid contagion, poverty and death,
Bend o'er the sufferer in his hour of woe,
 Nor fear the blast of pestilential breath.

Go o'er the Wintry ocean! tremble not
 When night, and storm, and darkness, round, above,
Hover like ravens—self-approving thought
 In thy soul nestles, like the soft-winged dove.

Go to the desert! burning heats by day,
 Nor foes by night disturb thy sweet repose;
Up-springing flowers shall strew thy lonely way
 To shake thy thirst, the sudden fountain flows.

Speak then, as thy bids thee, truthful words;
 If danger threatens, still be bravely true.
Trust thou in Him who rules the raging floods,
 And then shall treads through the billows, too!

Speak thou for the oppressed! Be thou the friend
 "Mercy," the poet saith, like Heaven's own rain,
Is doubly blessed," which upward doth ascend
 To gather might, then break on earth again.

Toil in thy Master's vineyard! Watch and pray!
 Toil for thy race, for whom the Saviour bled!
Let His example cheer thee on thy way,
 And if He bids thee, toil for daily bread.

Do, suffer, die, at duty's call divine,
 The cost then battle till thy victory's won;
Then, soldier of the Cross, a crown is thine—
 Then, faithful servant, hear thy glad "Well done!"
American Messenger.

George Whitefield.—Of English preachers, Whitefield was by far the first. Many have surpassed him as sermon-makers, but none have approached him as a pulpit orator. His influence was the same, whether addressing the most learned or the rudest auditory. Garrick used to weep and tremble at his bursts of passion, and even the cold Hume said he was worth walking twenty miles to hear. But the greatest proof of his power is, that he could gather and keep in awed silence, the whole rabble of Bartholomew Fair. For a time in England he was decried and abused, caricatured by Hogarth, and ridiculed by Foote; but he soon lived down such hostility by the nobility and blamelessness of his character, as well as by the wonderful effect of his eloquence and zeal. Since Cowper's panegyric of him, he has been the case with Bunyan also, men of rank and learning have forborne to speak of the great Methodist preacher otherwise than with admiration and praise.—*Literary Gazette.*

☞ The old gentleman who thought he could teach girls how to make love, is about erecting an academy for the purpose of instructing fleas in the art and mystery of jumping.—*N. Y. Dutchman.*

Wit and Humor.

A PIECE MAN.

Old Scene.—Ah, Susan, I was a wild one when I went to the wars, but I assure you I've come back *quite another man!*

Susan.—I should think so—*Ah, me!*

LENDING A CONGREGATION.

"When I was young, priest and minister were hand and glove. It seems to me but yesterday, when Father Pat Flynn lent Mr. Carson a congregation."

"Eh! what, Antony? A congregation appears rather an extraordinary article to borrow."

"Well," said Antony, "it's true. I was there myself, and I'll tell you the story. It was in the time of Bishop Beresford—that beautiful old man. He was the handsomest old gentleman I ever laid my eyes on; and, och! it was he that knew how to live like a bishop. He never went a step without four long-tailed black horses to his carriage, and two mounted grooms behind him. His own body-man told me that never less than twenty sat down in the parlor to dinner, and, in troth, this was double that number in the hall.

"Well, it came into old Lord Potter's grandfather to the present Marquis of Sligo—that he would build a church, and settle a colony of *North-men* away in the West. He managed the one, easy enough; but it failed him to do the other; for sorra an taste the North-men would come. 'For,' says they, 'Connaught's bad enough; but what is it to Connemara?'

"Well, the minister came down—and a nice little one he was—one Mr. Carson. Father Pat Flynn had the parish then, and sure enough, in the course of time, the two became as thick as inkle-weavers. Everything went on beautiful, for the two clergy lived together. Father Pat Flynn minded his chapel and the flock, and Mr. Carson said prayers of a Sunday, too, tho' sorra a soul he had to listen to him but the clerk: sure that was no fault of his.

"It was late one evening when I got down from the hills, and I went to Father Pat's, as usual; and who should I meet at the door but the priest himself. 'Antony,' says he, '*conde fiallsagh*, have you anything with you, for the wallet seems full.'

"'I have,' says I, 'your riverence;' and I pulls out two pair of young rabbits and a brace of three-pound trouts, fresh from the sea, that I caught that morning in Dulhough. 'Troth,' says the priest, 'you never was more welcome, Antony. The minister and myself will dine off the trouts and the rabbits, for they forget to kill a sheep for us until an hour ago; and you know, Antony, except the shoulder, there is no part of the mutton could be touched; so I was rather bothered about the dinner.'

"Well, in the evening I was brought into the parlor, and there were their riverences as comfortable—as comfortable—as you please. Well, that Pat gave me a tumbler of *rale* stiff punch and the sorra a better warrant to make the same was within the province of Connaught. We were just as comfortable as could be, when a horseman stops at the door without, and who should he said was for Mr. Carson. Well, when the minister opens it, he got as pale as a sheet, and I thought he would have fainted. 'Arrah, Dick,' says he, 'what's the matter, Dick? 'Arrah, Dick,' says he, 'the Lord stand between you and evil! Is there anything wrong?' 'I am ruined!' says he; 'for some bad *member* has written to the Bishop, and told him that I have no congregation, because you and I are so intimate, such as the state of things. Och, Dick,' says he, 'I'm fairly ruined!' 'And is that all that's the matter?' says the priest. 'Arrah, Dick,' (for they called each other by their *christen* names,) 'is that all? If it's a congregation you want, ye shall have a decent one to-morrow, or it to me: and now we'll take a drink, and not matter the Bishop a fig.'

"Well, next day, sure enough, down comes the Bishop, and a great retinue along with him; and there was Mr. Carson ready to receive him. 'I hope,' says the Bishop, mighty stately, 'that you have no congregation?' 'In truth, your holiness,' says he, 'you'll be able to tell that,' and in he walks him to the church; and there sitting were three score well-dressed men and women; and all of them as devout as if they were going to be anointed; for that blessed morning, Father Pal whipped mass over before ye had time to bless yourself; and the finest of the flock was before the Bishop in the church, and ready for his holiness. To see that they all behaved properly, Father Pal, hardly put off the vestments, stood in the corner on the great coat, and there he sat in a back seat, like any of the congregation. I was near his riverence. He was seated in an arm chair belonging to the priest. 'Come here, Mr. Carson,' says he, 'some enemy of yours, says the sweet old gentleman, 'wanted to injure you with me. But I am now fully satisfied.' And turning to the Dane,—'Why, Mr. Dane,' says he, 'I didn't see a cleaner congregation this month o' Sundays.'"

Abernethy Beaten.—A very talkative lady, who had wearied the temper of Mr. Abernethy, which was at all times impatient of gabble, was told by him, the first moment that he could get a chance of speaking, to be good enough to put out her tongue. "Now, pray, madam," said he, playfully, "*keep it out*." The hint was taken. He rarely met with his match; but on one occasion he fairly owned that he had. He was sent for to an inn-keeper, who had had a quarrel with his wife, and who had scored his face with her nails, so that the poor man was bleeding, and much disfigured. Mr. Abernethy considered this an opportunity not to be lost for admonishing the offender, and said, "Madam, are you not ashamed of yourself to treat your husband thus—the husband, who is the head of all—*your* head, madam, in fact?" "Well, doctor," fiercely retorted the virago, "and may I not scratch my own head?"

Ordering a Monument.—A manufacturer of tomb stones, in a flourishing village in Illinois, lately received a call from a countryman, who wanted a stone to place over the grave of his mother.

After looking around for some time, and making sundry remarks about the taste of his deceased mother, he finally picked upon one which the stone-cutter had prepared for another.

"I like this one," said he.

"But," said the manufacturer, "that belongs to another man, and has Mrs. Perry's name cut on it; it wouldn't do for your mother."

"Oh, yes, it would," said the countryman. "She couldn't read! and, besides," he continued, as he observed the wonderment of the stone-cutter. "Perry was always a favorite name of hers, any how!"

Danger of Kneeling to Ladies.—One of the drollest occurrences in the annals of gallantry is related of Gibbon, the historian, who was short in stature and very fat. One day being alone with the beautiful Madame de Crousaz, he dropped on his knee before her, and made a declaration of love in the most passionate terms. The astonished lady rejected his suit, and requested him to rise. The abashed historian remained on his knees. "Rise, Mr. Gibbon, I beseech you, rise." Mr. Gibbon still kept his posture. "Mr. Gibbon, will you have the goodness to get up?" "Alas, madam," faltered the unlucky lover, "I cannot." He was too fat to regain his foot without assistance. Madame de Crousaz rang the bell, and said to her servant, "Lift up Mr. Gibbon."

Sleeping in Church.—It is a matter of record that about one hundred years ago, an Indian was conducted by a pious deacon to witness the services of the sanctuary on the Lord's day. When the services were ended, the citizen on his way homeward, in order to impress upon his tawny friend the superiority of Christianity over heathenism, catered to a detail of the money appropriated by the congregation, of which he was a member, for the support of public worship, the erection of the house, the salary of the minister, &c. To all this the son of the forest, who had observed the drowsy disposition which pervaded the assembly, replied, "Umph! Indian sleep just as sound under a tree, and not pay anything."

Pleasant.—*Nervous Gentleman*—"Don't you think, Robert, going to that down hill is very likely to make the horse fall?"

Robert—"Lor bless you—no, sir! I never throwed a 'oss down in my life, 'cept once, and that was one fine moonlight night, (just such a night as this is,) as I was a-driving a gent (as might be you) from this station, when I throwed down this very 'oss, and in this werry identical place!"

Rather Green.—An Ohio paper relates that a member of the Legislature of the State went to a party a few evenings ago, and was so much pleased with the sugar plums, that he asked for a few extra, to take home to plant. He said it was the best fruit he ever tasted, and his children would be delighted with them.

Orion's Belt.—An Irishman, in contending for the antiquity of certain families in his native country, urged as a proof, that from time immemorial, a certain constellation had borne the name of O'Ryan (Orion), adding—"Sure, an ivery-body knows that it was a prizefighter he was, and that's how he came by the *belt*."

Selected Articles.

YOUNG AGAIN.

BY GEORGE CANNING HILL.

An old man sits in his high-backed chair
 Before an open door,
While the sun of a Summer afternoon
 Falls hot across the floor;
And the drowsy tick of an ancient clock
 Has notched the hour of four.

A breeze blows in and a breeze blows out
 From the scented Summer air,
And it flutters now in his wrinkled brow,
 And now it lifts his hair,
And the leaden lid of his eyes droop down,
 And he sleeps in his high-backed chair.

The old man sleeps, and the old man dreams;
 His head drops on his breast,
His hands relax their feeble hold,
 And fall to his lap to rest;
The old man sleeps, and in sleep he dreams,
 And in dreams again is blest.

The years unroll their fearful scroll;
 He is a child again;
A mother's tongue is in his ear,
 And drift across his brain;
He chases gaudy butterflies
 Far down the rolling plain;

He plucks the wild rose in the woods,
 And gathers eglantine,
And holds the golden buttercups
 Beneath his sister's chin,
And angles in the meadow-brook
 With a bent and naked pin;

He loiters down the grassy lane,
 And by the lessening pool,
And a sigh escapes his pursed lips
 As he hears the bell for school;
And he wishes it never were nine o'clock,
 And the morning never were full.

A mother's hand is pressed on his head,
 Her kiss is on his brow—
A Summer breeze blows in at the door,
 With the toss of a leafy bough,
And the boy is a white haired man again,
 But his eyes are wet—Sleep now.
Carpet Bag.

THE TYRANNY OF THE WEAK.

This is a most fertile subject, and has been nearly neglected. Weak is a relative term; whenever two people meet, one is comparatively weak and the other strong; the relation between them is often supposed to imply this. The society in general, there is a certain weakness of the kind I mean, attributable to the sickly, spoilt, the ill-tempered, the unfortunate, aged, women, and the clergy. Now I venture to say, there is no observant man of the world who has lived to the age of thirty, who has not seen numerous instances of severe tyranny exercised by persons belonging to one or other of these classes; and which tyranny has been established, confirmed and endured, solely by reason of the weakness, real or supposed, of the persons exercising it. Talking once with a thoughtful man on this subject, he remarked to me, that of course the generous suffered from the tyranny I was speaking of, and the strength of it was drawn from their strength. It might be compared to an evil government of a rich people, in which their riches furnished forth abundant supplies wherewith to oppress themselves.

In other times these tyrannies may not always have been so often thought whether it was not one considerable compensation for rude hardship, or times of utter disgrace, that domestic tyranny was then probably less severe; and among various forms of domestic tyranny, none supplies a more distinguished place than this tyranny of the weak over the strong.

If you come to analyze it, it is a tyranny exercised by playing upon the good-nature, fear of responsibility, the dread of acting selfishly, the horror of giving pain, prevalent among good and kind people. They often know that it is a tremendous tyranny, they are suffering under, and they do not feel it the less because they are consenting parties.

Meditating sometimes upon the results of this tyranny, I have thought to myself what would stop it: in a state of further developed Christianity, there is only more room for it. Intellect this strange, but perhaps just, ideas into my mind, that this tyranny would fade in a state of clearer knowledge; such as accompany another state of being; for the secrets of men's hearts not being probably concealed by silence, or by speech, it would be seen what the sufferers thought of those who thus proceeded, and the tyrants would, I think, be abashed by the enormity of their exactions, made visible in the clear mirror of another's mind.

A common form of this tyranny is where the tyrant uses a tone of great patience, such as that of some relationship, and having performed few or none of its duties, or even if having performed the duties, exacts a most oppressive tribute from the other side.

There is one reason for putting a limit to the subserviency of the strong to the weak, which reason, if fully developed, might do more at times to protect the strong from the weak than anything I know. Surely the most foolish strong person must occasionally have glimpses that he or she cannot sacrifice himself or herself alone; that is dealing with another person he is in some measure representing the outer world; and ought (to use an official phrase) to govern yourself accordingly. We see this in managing children: and the most weakly indulgent people find that they must make a stop somewhere with some perception, it is to be hoped, that the world will not go on dealing with the children as they (the indulgent parents) are doing; and, therefore, that they are preparing mischief and discomfort on one side or the other for parties who are necessarily brought in contact.

The soft and carried away by the encroaching one exclaims "I, the soft and, am not to be subservient to this idiosecrasy, and, after all, are gone, it will no more encroach." No, it means to counter the whole land if it can.

It is a strange fancy of mine, but I cannot help wishing we could move for returns, a phrase in a parliament, for the suffering caused in any one day, or other period of time, throughout the world, to be arranged under certain heads; and we should then see what that sort has occasion to fear most. What a large amount would come under the heads of unreasonable fear of others, of miserable quarrels amongst relations upon infinitesimally small subjects, of imaginary slights, of undue cares, of false names, of absolute misunderstandings, of unnecessary pains to maintain credit or reputation, of vexations that we cannot make others of the same mind with ourselves. What a wonderful thing it would be to see set down in figures, as it were, how legions we are in plaguing one another. My own private opinion is, that the discomfort caused by injudicious dress worn entirely in defiance, as it has been come remarked, to the most foolish of mankind, in fact to the tyrannical majority, would outweigh many an evil that sounded very big.

Tease by those perfect natures, which we imagine might be made by the angelic world, if they regard human affairs, perhaps our everyday boring, severe shirt-collars and other ridiculous garments are equivalent to a great European war in seven years; and we should find that women's stays did about as much harm, caused as much suffering, as an occasional pestilence—say, for instance, the cholera. We should find that the vexations arising from the income tax were nearly equal to those caused amongst the same class of sufferers by the ill-natured things men fancy have been said behind their backs: and perhaps the whole sum of vexation resulting from the aggregate of the respective national debts of that universal family, the European race, the whole body of humankind, I say, do not come up to the aggregate of annoyances inflicted in each family by the one ill-natured person who generally holds each little village, parish, house, or family.—*Companions of My Solitude.*

☞ The number of German emigrants who passed through Cologne in the month of February, to embark for America, was twenty thousand.

HOW TO BRING A WITNESS TO THE POINT.

Lord Cockburn was one of the most intimate friends Jeffrey had—first his associate and friendly rival at the Scottish bar, and afterwards his brother on the Scottish bench. Many stories, perhaps mythical, are current in Scotland, bringing out the contrast of the two friends—Jeffrey and Cockburn—in their character of barristers addressing Scottish juries: Jeffrey, the clear, Attic intellect, speaking in a distinct, musical voice, from which the Scottish accent had been almost eradicated; Cockburn, the Scotchman all over, and, what is more, the Scotch humorist.

One of the stories told was as follows:—In one case, in which Jeffrey and Cockburn, when barristers, were engaged, a question arose as to the sanity of one of the parties concerned. "Is the defendant, in your opinion, perfectly sane?" said Jeffrey, interrogating one of the witnesses, a plain, stupid-looking countryman. The witness gazed in bewilderment at the questioner, but gave no answer. It was clear he did not understand the question. Jeffrey repeated it, altering the word. "Do you think the defendant capable of managing his own affairs?" Still in vain; the witness only stared the harder. "I ask you again," said Jeffrey, still with his clear English enunciation, "do you consider the man perfectly rational?" No answer yet; the witness only staring vacantly at the eloquent little figure of his interrogator, and exclaiming, "Eh?"

"Let me tackle him," said Cockburn. Then assuming his broadest Scotch tone, and turning to the obdurate witness, "Hae you mull wi' ye?" "On ay," said the awakened Cimon, stretching out his snuff-horn. "Noo, hoo lang ha ye kent John Sampson?" said Cockburn, taking a pinch. "Ever since he was that high," was the ready reply, the witness indicating with his hand the alleged altitude of John Sampson at the period of his first acquaintance with him. "An' d'ye think, noo, atween you and me," said the barrister, in his most insinuating Scotch manner, "that there's onything intill the cratur?" "I wadna lippen him wi' a bull-calf," (I wouldn't trust him with the guardianship of an infant bull,) was the instant and brilliant rejoinder. The end was attained, amid the convulsions of the court; what Jeffrey could not do with all his cleverness, Cockburn had done by dint of his inveterate Scotticism.

Woman's Business to be Beautiful.—The Loves and the Graces are felt to reside naturally in a woman's countenance, but to be quite out of place in a man's. His face is bound to be clean, and may be allowed to be picturesque—but it is a woman's business to be beautiful. Beauty of some kind is so much the attribute of the sex, that a woman can hardly be said to feel herself a woman who has not, at one time of her life, at all events, felt herself to be fair. Beauty confers an education of its own, and that always a feminine one. Most celebrated beauties have owed their highest charms to the refining education which their views alone have given them. It was the wisdom as well as the poetry of the age of chivalry that it supposed all women to be beautiful, and treated them as such. A woman is not fully furnished for her part in life, whose heart is not occasionally swelled with the sense of possessing some natural abilities in the art of pleasing, opening to her knowledge secrets of strength, wonderfully intended to balance her muscular, or—if you will—her general weakness. And herein we see how truly this attribute belongs to woman alone. Man does not seek such a consciousness, and seldom has it without rendering himself extensively ridiculous; while, to a woman, it is one of the chief weapons in her armory, deprived of which she is comparatively powerless. And it is not nature which thus deprives her; few and solitary as are the cases when a woman is stamped by nature as an outcast from her peoples; and such a one is understood not to enter the lists. But it is rather a perverse system of education which starts with the avowed principle of stifling nature. What can be more false or cruel than the common plan of forcing upon a young girl the withering conviction of her own plainness? If this be only a foolish sham to counteract the supposed demoralizing consciousness of beauty, the world will soon counteract that; but if the victim have really had a scanty supply of charms, it will, in addition to incalculable anguish of mind, only diminish those further still. To such a system alone can we ascribe an unhappy anomalous style of young women, occasionally met with, who seems to have taken on herself the vows of voluntary ugliness—who neither sets enough to keep her complexion clear, nor smiles enough to set her muscles in becoming action—who prides herself on a skinny parsimony of attire which she calls neatness—thinks that almost respectable which is most unbecoming—is always thin, and seldom well, and passes through the society of the lovely, the graceful, and the happy, with the vanity that apes humility on her pale, disappointed countenance; as if to say, "Stand back! I am uncomelier than thou."

Yet even such self-disfiguring ladies as these instinctively obey that law of nature which bids a woman hide her faces when she knows it not to be attractive. Even these cry into their pocket-handkerchiefs, and sneeze behind their hands, not because they are ashamed of either emotion, but simply because such paroxysms of the countenance are too ugly for the light.—*Quarterly Review.*

Rain Water for Drinking.—It is not generally known, says the Albany Register, that rain water, when protected from the atmosphere, is the purest, healthiest, and sweetest water in use. Mr. J. S. Van Rensselaer has, for a great number of years, used it for drinking and culinary purposes, at his late residence, No. 109 State Street, and could never meet with any he considered as good. He was first informed of its quality by a sea captain, who used it in his voyages from the United States to the West Indies, and who found that by carefully preserving it from exposure, casks which had been shipped at Key West and made their outward voyage, were, on their return to New York, found to be as pure and good as the day they were put on board. Acting on this suggestion, Mr. Van Rensselaer built two cisterns in his yard, covered, cemented and air-tight, one of which acted as a reservoir, communicating with the other, from which it was conducted into the dwelling. The cisterns were capable of holding seventy-five hogsheads, and from the time of their erection, long since, Mr. Van Rensselaer has had a bounteous supply of pure, soft and excellent water.

The only communication with the air was by the pipe which conducted the water from the roof; every rain refreshed the supply, and as it was drawn from the bottom of the cistern, the temperature was cool and pleasant. Rain water, as is known, is the purest in nature.

In this case it was conducted from a high slate roof, on which no dirt could well accumulate, and the cisterns had required cleansing but once in six years, and then from no defect in the water; at no time has that been disturbed, or lost in the least its pure and wholesome taste, and that flat and rainy taste peculiar to it when caught in open vessels, has never been noticed.

It is strange that these simple and interesting facts are not more generally known and acted on,—were it so, our citizens on the hill might now be supplied with an abundance of water, instead of suffering as they are from drought. The cost of cisterns does not exceed seventy-five dollars, and to places where there is a deficiency of good water, we commend this cheap and effectual plan of obtaining it.—*True Dem.*

Logic.—The following "Questions in Logic" may interest some of our readers. No matter where they came from, if they are sound.

Teacher.—What do you understand by pennywise and pound foolish?

Pupil.—The omission to pay a small sum in order to secure a great benefit.

Teacher.—Can such a thing be, and how?

Pupil.—It can—the cause may be penuriousness or neglect.

Teacher.—Give an example of penny wisdom and pound folly.

Pupil.—Refusing or neglecting to pay five or ten dollars for advertising one day, and missing custom worth a hundred by it, the next.

Influence of Employments and Professions on Longevity.—Mr. Amasa Walker, Secretary of State of Massachusetts, has prepared a table of the vocations, as well as the ages of several thousand persons who died between 1843 and 1850, showing the following results:

Vocation.	Number.	Ave. age at death.
Farmers,	4,571	64
Laborers,	2,980	45
Carpenters,	652	49
Shoemakers,	1,011	43
Merchants,	509	51
Professional men,	312	57

☞ The little daughter of Philip Doddridge was once catechising a favorite lap-dog: "Do you know," said she, "who made you?"

The unconscious quadruped answered with a stupid stare.

"Oh! shame upon you," resumed the questioner; "you Dr. Doddridge's dog, and not know who made you!"—*Sunday School Journal.*

Hannah More's Opinion of the Sex.—This eminent woman wrote discriminatingly of the male and female intellect. She remarks:—

"One may venture, perhaps, to assert that women have equal parts, but are inferior in wholeness of mind, in the integral understanding; that though a superior woman may possess single faculties in equal perfection, yet there is commonly a juster proportion in the mind of a superior man; that if women have, in an equal degree, the faculty of fancy which creates images, and the faculty of memory which collects and stores ideas, they seem not to possess in equal measure the faculty of comparing, combining, analyzing, and separating these ideas; that deep and patient thinking which goes to the bottom of a subject; nor that power of arrangement which knows how to link a thousand connected ideas in one dependent train, without losing sight of the original idea out of which the rest grow, and on which they all hang. The female, too, wanting steadiness in her intellectual pursuits, is perpetually turned aside by her characteristic tastes and feelings."

To this passage the objection has been made, that it refutes itself; since it shows that one "superior woman" at least possessed the very qualities which it denies to the sex—the "power of comparing, combining, analyzing and separating ideas."

Curran.—Curran's eloquence, combined as it was with wit and drollery, was irresistible, and his occasional darling style of oratory very singularly contrasted with his extremely undignified person, that, accompanied as it was with his eloquence, often occasioned him to be taken for a man of the lowest grade. He would, however, glory in the contumely which the he was visited, and, once, when taken for the "boots" of an inn, he brushed a traveller's coat, as he was authoritatively bid by the owner, and then travelled inside the coach with him, enjoying the man's amazement when he saw him saluted with awe, at a town whereat the vehicle stopped, by a whole municipal body that was waiting his arrival at the sessions.

For the Young.

CONVECTION.

Q. Why does *soup* keep hot longer than boiling water?

A. Because the grease and various ingredients floating in the soup, oppose the ascending motion of the hot particles, and prevent their rising so freely to the surface.

Q. If you wanted to keep *water hot* for a long time, how could it be done?

A. By adding a little *starch* or flour to the water.

Q. Why would a little *starch* added to boiling water, serve to keep it hot?

A. Because it would oppose the ascending motion of the hot particles of water, and prevent their rising so freely to the surface.

Q. Why do *Indian mush, rice milk, &c.,* remain hot longer than water?

A. Because the ascending motion of the hot particles is opposed by the mush or rice, and cannot so quickly reach the surface.

Q. How is *air heated?*

A. By "convective currents."

Q. Explain what is meant by "*convective currents?*"

A. When a portion of air is heated, it *rises upwards in a current*, carrying the heat with it; other *colder air succeeds*, and (being *heated in a similar way*) *ascends also*: these are called "convective currents."

("*Convective currents*;" so called from the Latin words, con-vectus (*carried with*;) because the heat is "*carried with*" the *current*.)

Q. Is *air heated by the rays of the sun?*

A. No; air is not *heated* (in any sensible degree) *by the actions of the sun's rays* passing through it.

Q. Why then is the *air hotter on a sunny day*, than on a *cloudy one?*

A. Because the sun *heats the surface of the earth*, and the air (resting on the earth) is *heated by contact*: as soon as it is heated it *ascends*; while its place is supplied by *colder* portions which are heated in turn also.

Q. *If air be a bad conductor*, why does *hot iron* become *cold by exposure to the air?*

A. Because it is made cold:

1st.—By "convection;" and,

2nd.—By "radiation."

Q. How is hot iron made cold by *convection?*

A. The air resting on the hot iron (being intensely heated,) rapidly ascends with the heat it has absorbed; *colder air succeeding absorbs more heat* and ascends also; and this process is repeated till the iron is *cooled completely down*.

Q. How is *broth cooled* by being left exposed to the air?

A. It throws off *some heat by radiation*; but it is *mainly* cooled down by *convection*.

Q. How is hot broth cooled down by *convection?*

A. The air *resting on the hot broth* (being heated) *ascends*; colder air succeeding absorbs *more heat, and ascends also*; and this process is repeated till the broth is *made cool*.

The particles on the *surface* of the broth give up they are cooled down, and warmer particles rise to the surface; which gradually assists the cooling process.

Q. Why is hot *tea* and *broth, cooled faster* by being *stirred* about?

A. 1st.—Because the agitation assists in bringing its *hotter particles to the surface*.

2nd.—The action of stirring *agitates the air*, and brings it more *quickly* to the broth or tea: and

3rd.—As the hotter particles are more rapidly brought into contact with the air, therefore, *convection is more rapid*.

Blowing tea or broth cools it also.

Q. How does *blowing hot food make it cool?*

A. It causes the air (which has been heated by the food) *to change more rapidly*, and give place to fresh *cold air*.

Q. If a shutter be closed in the day-time, the stream of light (piercing through the crevice) seems in constant *agitation*.—Why is this?

A. Because *little motes* and *particles of dust* (thrown into agitation by the violence of the *convective currents*,) are made *visible* by the strong beam of light thrown into the room through the crevice of the shutter.

Q. When *potatoes* are boiled, why are those at the *top of the boiler, cooked sooner* than those nearer the fire?

A. 1st.—Because the *hotter* particles of the water rise to the top of the boiler, and the *coldest* particles sink to the bottom: and

2nd.—Because the top of the boiler is always enveloped with very hot escaping steam; in consequence of which, the potatoes on the top are subjected to more intense heat, than those at the bottom of the boiler.

Q. Why does *milk boil* more *quickly* than water?

A. Milk is a *thicker* liquid than water, and consequently *less steam* escapes through the thick liquid (milk,) than through the thin liquid (water); therefore, the heat of the whole mass of the milk rises more quickly.—*From "Familiar Science," edited by E. S. Petersen.*

For Housekeepers.

How to get Rid of Cockroaches.—Mr. Tewkesbury of Nottingham, in a letter to the *Mouse Ear*, says:—I forward an easy, clean, and certain method of eradicating these insects from dwelling houses. A few years ago my house was infested with cockroaches (or "clocks," as they are called here,) and I was recommended to try cucumber peelings as a remedy. I accordingly, immediately before bed time, strewed the floor of that part of the house most infested with the vermin with the green peel, not very thin from the cucumber, and sat up half an hour later than usual to watch the effect. Before the expiration of that time, the floor where the peel lay, was completely covered with cockroaches, so much that the vegetable could not be seen, so voraciously were they engaged in sucking the poisonous moisture from it. I adopted the same plan the following night, but my visitors were not near so numerous—I should think not more than a fourth of the previous night. On the third night I could not discover one; but, anxious to ascertain whether the house was quite clear of them, I examined the peel after I had laid it down about half an hour, and perceived that it was covered with myriads of minute cockroaches about the size of a flea. I therefore allowed the peel to lie till morning, and from that moment I have not seen a cockroach in the house. It is a very old building; and I can certify that the above remedy only requires to be persevered in for three or four nights, to completely eradicate the pest. Of course, it should be fresh cucumber peel every night.—*Builder.*

Crumpets or Flannel Cakes.—One pint of milk, one egg, a tea-spoonful of butter, salt to taste, half a gill of yeast, as much wheat flour as will form a batter. Warm the milk and butter together; it should be lukewarm, but not hot. Beat up the egg, and add to it with the salt, then flour enough to form a batter; lastly the yeast. Set it to rise, and when light, grease your bake-iron, and bake them like buckwheat cakes—butter them and serve them hot.—*National Cook Book.*

Agricultural.

GRAFTING WAX.

Wax, says the New England Farmer, is commonly used now in grafting as being quite as certain to answer the purpose required as clay, and easier to be applied. The best mode of using it which we have ever found is in the following, communicated to the *Bangor Courier*, by Col. Little, of that city, an experienced horticulturist. We have tried the plan recommended, and find it cheap and convenient. The quantity mentioned below would be sufficient to cover twenty or twenty-five grafts of common shirting, while two or three square yards would be enough for two or three hundred trees.

It will be observed below that Col. Little considers it important that the *exact proportions* which he has given should be observed. We have made some of the wax from his recipe, observing the proportions given, but do not find it sufficiently adhesive, which made it necessary to add a little more rosin. Mr. Pinkeo, a successful nurseryman at Hanover, N. H., informs us that he has used the grafting cloth for many years, but uses much more rosin in the proportions. He speaks highly of its excellence in preserving the limb, and of its convenience in working.

Grafting Wax of Cotton Cloth.—Inquiries are frequently made for the best grafting wax and the recipe for making it. I have procured the recipe for the best article I have ever seen, which was three years since invented by Major Chapman, of this city, which he uses in grafting in his nursery with good and almost sure success. I have used it two years and find it valuable; for it is very pliable, easily worked, and it contains nothing that is the least injures the scion or stock.

It should be made precisely according to the following proportions.

Recipe.—1 lb. beeswax; 1½ lb. rosin; 1 pint linseed oil. (No other than linseed should be used.) Melt them well together over a slow fire. Then with a paint brush, spread the wax thinly while warm, on one side of thin but closely woven cloth. Cut the cloth when waxed (lengthwise, as the warp is the strongest) into strips as may be wanted—say half an inch wide and about nine inches long—according to the size of the stock to be grafted.

Grafting can be worked with these strips very readily, as no strings are necessary, and may be very neatly as well as quickly performed. These wax strips may also be used in budding trees.

I would again remind our citizens that to insure success, all *stone fruits* should be grafted before the frost is out of the ground, or as early afterwards as possible.

Respectfully, HENRY LITTLE

How Cities Exhaust the Fertility of Land.—There has been enough of the elements of bread and meat, wool and cotton, drawn from the surface of the earth, sent to London and buried in the ground, or washed into the Thames, to feed and clothe the entire population of the world for a century, under a wise system of agriculture and Horticulture. Down to this day, great cities have ever been the worst desolators of the earth. It is for this that they have been so frequently buried many feet beneath the rubbish of their idols of brick, stone and mortar, to be exhumed in after years by some antiquarian Layard. Their inhabitants violated the laws of nature, which govern the health of man and secure the enduring productiveness of the soil. How few comprehend the fact that it is only the elements of bread and meat, evolved during the decomposition of some vegetable or animal substance, that poison the air taken into human lungs, and the water that enters the human system, in daily food and drink! These generate pestilence, and bring millions prematurely to their graves.

Why should the precious atoms of potash, which organized the starch in all the flour, meal, and potatoes consumed in the cities of the United States in the year 1850, be lost forever to the world? Can a man create a new atom of potash or of phosphorus when the supply fails in the soil, as fail it must under our present system of farm economy? Many a broad desert in Eastern Asia once gladdened the husbandman with golden harvests. While America is the only country on the globe where every human being has enough to eat, and millions are coming here for bread, how long shall we continue to impoverish ninety-nine acres in a hundred of all that we cultivate? Both pestilence and famine are the offspring of ignorance. Rural science is not a mere plaything for the amusement of grown up children. It is a new revelation of the wisdom and goodness of Providence, a humanizing power which is destined to elevate man to immeasurable dimensions above his present condition. To achieve this result, the light of science must not be confined to colleges; it must enter and illuminate the dwelling of every farmer and mechanic. The knowledge of the few, no matter how profound, nor how brilliant, can never compensate for the loss sustained by neglecting to develope the intellect of the many.

No government should be wanting in sympathy with the people, whether the object be the prevention of disease, the improvement of land, or the education of the masses. One per cent. of the money now annually lost by reason of popular ignorance, would suffice to remove that ignorance.

Fences Without Rails.—A "Prairie Farmer," who dates his letter Eve County, Ohio, writes as follows to the "Rural New Yorker:" Three years ago last September, when I commenced farming, I built sixty rods of wire fence. In the first place I built a dyke by ploughing and scraping twice on each side of the intended line of fence, making a ditch about one foot or fourteen inches in depth, and the dyke about eighteen inches above the natural surface. I then set posts eight feet apart, three feet in the ground, four feet above, put on four wires of No. 9, and at the top a board 3½ inches wide. The wires were fastened at each end of the sixty rods to a large wrought spike, and attached to the other posts by wedged-shaped pins made of common nail rods, with a hole through the head, through which the wires were drawn. When the wires were strained the pins were driven into the posts sufficiently to bind the wires and prevent slipping.

When this fence was completed, I was about as *sick a person* as you often find. It looked like the *shadow of nothing*, and I did not suppose it would be good for anything, but it has stood the test three years and a half, and not had ten minutes repairs. The most *brechy* animals fail to make any impression on it. I never have known anything to go through it except hogs, and it is hard work for them,—they have to root away the dyke, and *crawl under*.

I intend to make more the coming season, and shall put a board one foot wide at the bottom, and the rest wire, and that will stop *everything* commonly kept in an enclosure.

Now as to the expense. The dyke was two days work of three persons and one yoke of oxen, $8; posts, 100 pieces at 10 cents each, $10; wire, 2 days work, $2.60; wire, $14; top board, $3; putting on wire and boards, 2 days, $2—making the entire cost, $37.60.

This brings the expense at something over fifty cents a rod, but the actual expense to me was much less, as I had some boy help, and the prices in this estimate of work are higher than I paid. The scraper used in making the dyke was made of 1½ inch stuff about six feet long, two feet wide, and edged with an old mill saw; it would scrape very rapidly, and do its work better than an Irishman with a shovel. The actual expense of such a fence need not exceed 30 to 40 cents per rod.

This fence, with the wires well painted, will last longer than any other fence usually built on a farm, requires less repairs, and is, I think, a *little safer, or more so*.

Foul in the Foot.—Attacking a single animal, it sometimes spreads to the whole herd, occasioning great loss, inconvenience and trouble to the owner, and much suffering to the poor animals themselves. The disease is undoubtedly occasioned by the animals travelling through the mud, offence, and manure of the yard; this collects between the claws and gathers about the foot and leg until the obstinate and sometimes fatal disease is generated, and it is legitimately in the farmer's work for March to prevent it. Keep the feet of your animals clean, and there will be little danger of the disease. Its first appearance is generally between the claws in the form of a crack; this is followed by inflammation and the discharge of yellowish matter or pus. "Sometimes a little swelling appears on the coronet between the hair and the hoof, which discharge offensive matter." Foul in the foot is a most serious disease, and demands immediate attention when the first symptoms are discovered. Attacked in March, oxen are sometimes rendered unfit for any spring work, and cows shrink rapidly in milk and flesh. If not checked early the foot becomes greatly swollen, intensely sore, and the hoof in bad cases drops off. It may all be prevented by care and cleanliness.—*New England Farmer.*

The Power of Mud.—A wagon was weighed in Newark the other day, when the accumulated mud on the wheels, &c., was found to weigh 685 pounds. If in selling loads of hay or other produce, the weight of the clean wagon only be deducted from the aggregate, this experiment proves that the purchaser must pay dearly for a large proportion of dirt.

The Olio.

Mode of Preserving Shingles on Roofs.—A gentleman in Groton gave us the other day the manner in which he prepared his shingles, before laying them on his house, some six years ago; and on examination, we found they had a perfectly sound and fresh appearance, as though they had been laid not more than a month.

He had a large boiler, which he filled with whitewash, mixing with it, about one pound of potash to four gallons of liquid, also about the same amount of salt. This composition he boiled, and while it was boiling, he dipped the shingles in, taking a handful at a time, and holding them by the tips. He had boards placed so that he could set his shingles on them on end, and let the liquid, as it ran off them, run back into the boiler. The shingles he allowed to dry in this position, before laying them, and his belief was, that by thus curing or hardening them, they would last much longer. They could be colored red or yellow, easily, by mixing red or yellow ochre with the composition.

The expense for shingles on a roof, is very considerable, as the most of those which we buy now, unless we purchase a very high price, in purchasing, last but for a few years, and therefore something that will harden and preserve them like the above, and which costs but little in the application, will be thankfully received by owners of buildings.—*Spindle City.*

The Earth's Bulk.—The bulk of our planet is so well adjusted, that were it increased or diminished, the greater number of plants would die, and the animals which did survive, would lead but a burdensome existence; were it greater or smaller, denser, or rarer, it would require a change in the structure of all the stalks of the flowers. Were our earth as large as Jupiter, motion would be oppressive to every living being; the deer would crawl like the sloth, and the eagle would have no higher flight than the chimney top. In such a case, too, the air would become so dense that no animal could breath it—perhaps no animal could sustain its weight. And were the earth to be as small as Mercury, or the moon, the animals would be exposed to the opposite inconvenience—all our motions would be unstable, like those of a drunken man, the air would be so thin as to be incapable of supporting life.

Test of Christianity.—Something was said the other day, respecting a certain Mr. B., who was about joining the church. "Certainly the church will not receive him," said Aunt Mary. "Why not?" asked Uncle John, raising his eyes from the book he was reading. "Because he is not a Christian," replied our Aunt, promptly and decidedly. "And how do you know, can you read the heart?" "No, Uncle John, I can't read the heart, but I can see when a man habitually abuses God's dumb animals. I have seen Mr. B. torture his horse, time and again, and whip his old dog until the blood ran down his legs, because he did not do something he was ordered to, when perhaps the poor beast did not know what his master wanted of him. No Christian would do that. At any rate," continued Aunt Mary, "I don't wish to commune with such a Christian." Uncle John was silent.—*N. Y. Organ.*

Submission to the Inevitable.—Dr. Johnson used to say, that a habit of looking on the best side of every event, is better than a thousand pounds a year. Bishop Hall quaintly remarks,—"For every bad there might be a worse; and when a man breaks his leg, let him be thankful it was not his neck." When Fenelon's library was once on fire, "God be praised!" he exclaimed, "that it is not the dwelling of some poor man!" It has been beautifully said, that the wild bird, yet untamed, and unaccustomed to confinement, beats itself almost to death against the wires of its cage, while the tame prisoner quietly acquiesces, and relieves its solitude by a song. An apt illustration of the soothing influences of submission.

The Wisest Men the Most Forbearing.—In order to love mankind, expect but little from them: in order to view their faults without bitterness, we must accustom ourselves to pardon them, and to perceive that indulgence is a justice which frail humanity has a right to demand from wisdom. Now, nothing tends more to dispose us to indulgence, to close our hearts against hatred, to open them to the principles of a humane and soft morality, than a profound knowledge of the human heart. Accordingly, the wisest men have always been the most indulgent.

The Human Voice.—How many singers are aware that they have an eight-foot organ pipe in their throat? Says a writer in the Puritan Recorder:

"How small is the diameter of the human throat, and how short its measure! Yet, it will give the same note with the pipe of an organ *eight feet in length!* and the valve which covers it, and plays with electric swiftness (imitated by the reed of the organ,) is, as all know, a very little thing; yet with the contraction and expansion of the throat, it will utter a scale of seventeen degrees; and divide every whole tone into an hundred parts!"

White Kings.—The Last, a people of ancient Scythia, had a law by which their kings were allowed to wear no color but white; and in later times it was from this custom, yet lingering in the North, that the Princes, Dukes, or Kings of Muscovy, were called "White Kings," or "White Princes."

☞ A jester in the Court of Francis I., complained that a great lord threatened to murder him if he did not cease joking about him. "If he does so," said the King, "I will hang him in five minutes after." "I wish your majesty would hang him five minutes before," replied the jester.

The Riddler.

ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 34 letters.

My 1, 11, 20, 11, 6, 11, is a river in South America.
My 2, 18, 9, 6, 3, 6, 8, 11, 27, is a city in Europe.
My 3, 17, 28, 11, is a volcanic mountain in Europe.
My 4, 11, 19, 29, 31, 16, 33, 11, is a city in Turkey.
My 5, 6, 6, 18, 11, 20, 11, is one of the United States.
My 6, 11, 23, 3, 6, 4, 19, 32, is a county in North Carolina.
My 7, 2, 13, 15, is a canal in New York.
My 8, 5, 14, 7, is a river in Africa.
My 9, 12, 20, 23, 32, 4, 4, 13, 7, is one of the United States.
My 10, 30, 32, 9, 25, 19, 12, 19, 30, is a parish in Louisiana.
My 11, 3, 11, 12, is a sea in Asia.
My 12, 19, 31, 26, 29, is a river in Virginia.
My 13, 8, 27, 21, 22, 4, 5, 16, 8, is a county in Kentucky.
My 14, 8, 30, 13, 26, 5, 11, is a colony in Africa.
My 15, 20, 20, 28, is a town in Spain.
My 16, 11, 4, 3, 4, 11, is a sea in Asia.
My 17, 6, 8, 7, 4, 24, 32, is a city in Austria.
My 18, 16, 3, 14, 11, 22, 6, is an island in the Atlantic Ocean.
My 19, 20, 24, 11, 30, 21, 16, is a lake in the United States.
My 20, 3, 14, 4, 18, 26, is a county in Virginia.
My 21, 6, 6, 10, 11, 22, is an ocean South of Asia.
My 22, 19, 7, 8, 16, is a range of the Alps.
My 23, 11, 1, 19, 26, 6, is a city in Italy.
My 24, 6, 19, 7, 11, 6, 4, is a department of France.
My 25, 11, 10, 14, 11, 6, 19, 12, 16, 8, is a city in Russia.
My 26, 16, 28, 30, 30, is a river in Europe.
My 27, 5, 6, 31, 30, 12, 11, is an island in the Mediterranean.
My 28, 11, 13, 24, 14, 16, is a sea North of Prussia.
My 29, 22, 34, 34, 16, 26, is a town in England.
My 30, 26, 6, is a river in the United States.
My 31, 24, 34, 15, 11, 1, 16, 18, 16, 4, 11, is a division of British America.
My 32, 4, 4, 3, 33, is a county of New York.
My 33, 30, 30, 4, is a small town in Spain.
My 34 11, 29, 26, 6, is a mount in Palestine.
My whole will produce much feeling and excitement before the close of the present year.

Waughtown, N. C. J. A. WAUGH.

PROBLEM.

A widow possessed $13,000, which she divided into two parts, and placed them at interest, in such a manner that the incomes from them were equal. If she had put out the first portion at the same rate as the second, she would have drawn for this part $360 interest; and if she had placed the second out at the same rate as the first, she would have drawn for it $490 interest. What were the two rates of interest?

Boston, Mass. L. P. R.

CHARADE.

My first we oft lend to each other in turn,
 To borrow it would be excessively dull;
My next near my first you may often discern;
 In my first, too, alas, you'll perhaps find my whole.

St. Louis, Mo. N. N. B.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ What is the difference between the bark of a tree and the bark of a dog? Ans.—One is formed on the bough; the other on the bow-wow.

☞ Why is a man approaching a candle like a man getting off his horse? Ans.—Because he is going to a-light.

☞ Why can Kings never be made April fools of? Ans.—Because they are August personages.

☞ Why is a bad joke like a celebrated comedian? Ans.—Because it is mean-fun. (Mean Fun.)

☞ Why is a defeated army always crest? Ans.—Because it is worsted.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

ENIGMA.—Washington's Birth-Day.

MEDICAL ENIGMA. Rush Medical College, of Illinois.

REBUS.—Tobacco.

PROBLEM.—13.